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'Brown'



TOURS IN SCOTLAND

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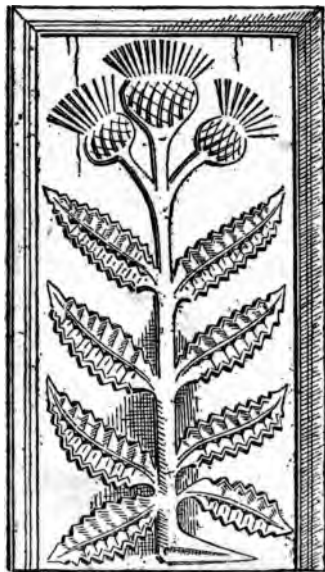
GLASGOW . . JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS.

TOURS IN SCOTLAND

1677 & 1681

BY
THOMAS KIRK AND RALPH THORESBY

EDITED BY
P. HUME BROWN
AUTHOR OF
'THE LIFE OF GEORGE BUCHANAN' AND 'EARLY TRAVELLERS IN SCOTLAND'



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INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book forms a supplement to the volume, entitled *Early Travellers in Scotland*, which I lately published as a contribution to the early social history of the country. I endeavoured to make that volume as complete a collection as possible, but from the very nature of the subject it could not be exhausted by a single effort. A lucky accident might bring to light some narrative which had escaped the most assiduous special research. The two narratives here produced, therefore, are to be regarded as part of the collection already brought together. Professor Masson has affirmed that the new and rich materials that have come to hand in recent years make it imperatively necessary that the history of Scotland should be re-written; and every one who has any acquaintance with the subject must agree with him. It was, indeed, in the course of a special study connected with Scottish history that the idea occurred to me that a volume such as *Early Travellers* might be a further contribution towards the work which Professor Masson desiderates.

The longer of the two following narratives is a Journal kept by Thomas Kirk of Cookridge,¹ Yorkshire, of a tour he

¹ Following Sir Egerton Brydges (*Censura Literaria*, vi. 373), I gave his name as Thomas Kirke of Crookwige in *Early Travellers*.

made in Scotland in 1677. In *Early Travellers* I reprinted the diatribe against Scotland published by Kirk under the title of *A Modern Account of Scotland, by an English Gentleman*. Of the Journal itself I had met with no trace, till it was pointed out to me by the kindness of Mr Cochran-Patrick. Its first appearance in print was as the Appendix to the Diary and Letters of the Yorkshire antiquary, Ralph Thoresby.¹ The *Modern Account* clearly showed through all its spleen that the writer had a better acquaintance with Scotland than most of the travellers whose narratives were given along with his own; and the Journal shows us how he came by his knowledge. Kirk was rather more than three months in the country, travelled as far north as Orkney, and all the while kept careful note of what he heard and saw that struck him as worthy of record. In writing his *Account*, Kirk merely threw into the form of general remarks what he had made note of in his Journal, and did his best to imitate the *Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland*, attributed to Sir Anthony Weldon. In the Journal we have a suggestion of the same caustic humour as appears in the *Account*; but the strained wit and cankered spleen of the latter proves that it was deliberately worked up for literary effect. Of the two pieces, therefore, there can be no question that the Journal is much the more valuable and interesting. As a picture of the manners of the Scottish gentry of the period, it will be admitted, indeed, that Kirk's notes are a real contribution to the history of Scotland during the 17th century.

Ralph Thoresby holds an honourable place among English antiquarians; and his *Diary* gives us a delightful picture of a simple, upright, and genial character, whose sole aim

¹ *The Diary of Ralph Thoresby, F.R.S.*, now first published from the original manuscript by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. London, Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1830 (2 vols.).

in life was to add to his knowledge, to keep a good conscience, and to perpetuate in himself the image of an excellent father. He was born at Leeds in 1658, and was the second son of John Thoresby, a merchant in the town, who had served as an officer under Fairfax during the Civil War. Having received an excellent education in the Grammar School at Leeds, he was sent to London to be trained in the business of his father. From that date, when he was only in his eighteenth year, his *Diary* begins, and it was continued without intermission till his death in 1724. It was at his father's suggestion that the *Diary* was undertaken, and it was with the memory of his father that it was ever associated in his mind. His life was as uneventful as that of an antiquary should be. By the death of his father in 1679, Ralph in his twenty-first year was left with all the responsibilities of the head of the house, but in 1704 he retired from business, and "devoted himself to his Museum, his literary pursuits, and his religious duties."¹ His Museum, a collection of antiquities begun by his father and carried on by himself, as well as two books of solid value,² prove that he used his leisure to good purpose. Among his correspondents were Bishop Nicolson, the author of the *Historical Library*; John Ray, the Naturalist; Strype, the Church Historian; Thomas Hearne; Bishop Burnet; Dr Edmund Calamy; Matthew Henry, and other well-known men of the time, whose letters³ to him make a collection of singular interest, and prove, moreover, in what esteem he was held for his character and attainments. In September 1681 Thoresby

¹ *Diary*, p. vii.

² The two books are—*Ducatus Leodiensis: or the Topography of the antient and populous Town and Parish of Leedes*, London, fol., 1715; and *Vicaria Leodiensis: or the History of the Church of Leedes in Yorkshire*, London, 8vo, 1724. Thoresby's Museum came to be known not only in England but on the Continent. It was sold by public auction in 1764.

³ *Letters of Eminent Men, addressed to Ralph Thoresby, F.R.S.* (1832), 2 vols.

made a short tour into Scotland, of which he has given an account in a few pages of his *Diary*. His journey lasted only eleven days, and he followed the usual track of the visitors of that time; but as his account of his tour contains a few remarks not to be found in any other traveller, it is given here as a supplement to the Journal of Kirk.

Of Kirk Thoresby makes frequent mention in his *Diary*. They were neighbours with common tastes, which cemented a friendship between them in spite of differences of opinion on politics and religion. It was Thoresby's intention to write a memoir of his friend to be embodied in what he called *The Historical Part of his Leeds Topography*;¹ but he died before completing his task, and Kirk's biography was never written. From Thoresby's casual remarks, however, we gather that Kirk was a country gentleman, a Justice of the Peace, a staunch Tory, and of a sceptical turn on points of religion. From Kirk's own Journal we also gather that he was something of a toper, and generally a person of easy morals. Thoresby, on the other hand, was of Puritan descent and upbringing, and as keen a theologian as an antiquary. That his Nonconformity was not of the extremest type, however, is proved by the fact that in middle life he joined the Church of England. But that he was still a Puritan in grain appears in such a sentence as the following, written several years after his change of denomination: "Mr Kirk and I went with the ladies to a play (at Preston); which I thought a dull and insipid thing, though the actors from London pretended to something extraordinary, but I was the better pleased to meet with no temptation there."²

In the following passage from *Thoresby's Diary*, in which he records the death of Kirk in 1706, we have all that we

¹ *Diary*, p. 465.

² *Ib.*, p. 391.

need to know for our present purpose of the character and opinions of the two friends and of the relations in which they stood to each other. "I had now read over the entire Bible, with notes, eight times since our marriage, and have in some measure made it the rule of my life, and humbly beg divine assistance to improve ordinances and providences. I was more than ordinarily concerned for the death of dear Mr Kirk; in his sickness I took a walk to visit him, and discourse with him of soul affairs (as we had often done about matters of learning and curiosity, he being F.R.S.), and was pleased with the motto I found in some books of devotion in his closet, *nulla dies sine prece*. I was jealous lest his uncle Layton's heterodox notions¹ about the soul's dying with the body might have influenced him. But in his last sickness, he said to the minister, 'My faith, I thank God, is firm and orthodox, and my repentance, I hope, sincere,'—a far more comfortable expression than the more positive (though often too groundless) of many others."²

On the death of Kirk, the Journal of his Scottish tour passed into the hands of Thoresby, who gave it a place among the other manuscripts³ in his Museum at Leeds. He thus refers to it in his *Ducatus Leodiensis*:⁴ "The Journal of Thomas Kirk, Esq. of Cookridge, *an.* 1677, thro' most parts of Scotland (a tour of 963 miles). N.B. This is not his waggish description of Scotland that was twice printed, but more solid observations."⁵

¹ At page 398 of his *Diary* Thoresby gives an interesting account of this Layton's opinions.

² *Diary*, pp. 464, 465.

³ Thoresby gives a list of these manuscripts in his *Ducatus Leodiensis*.

⁴ *Duc. Leod.*, p. 543 (edit. 1715).

⁵ In editing the following narratives, I should say that I have thought it unnecessary to repeat notes which have already appeared in *Early Travellers*.

AN
ACCOUNT OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

BY
THOMAS KIRK, ESQ. OF COOKRIDGE.

ON the 14th of May, 1677, we began our journey northwards, in a very wet morning, which continued so till we got to Rippon, where we sheltered ourselves from the rain till it proved fair, and we reached Richmond¹ that night; there we saw the ruins of a great castle, on a steep rock to the river Swale; there is likewise one good steeple standing entire, which belonged to a friary.

Tuesday 15th, we intended for Dinsdale, but we lost our way, and rid through meadows, &c.; but at last we came to Dinsdale in the Bishopric, a very pretty little house; the entrance thereto is through a great ruin of a castle-gate; the house is all moated about with good fish-ponds; it stands not far from the river Tees; at Newsam² Ferry we drunk a naulum³ with Charon, and then to Darnton.⁴

On Wednesday 16th, we went to Bishop Auckland, where is a pretty chapel,⁵ that John Cosins, late Bishop thereof, built, and is buried there in a vault in the middle of the chapel.

¹ Richmond Castle, originally called Rich Mount, was built by Alan Rufus, nephew of William the Conqueror.

² Newsham.

³ Greek, *ναύλον*; Low Latin, *naulum*, passage-money.

⁴ Darlington.

⁵ This chapel was built about 1660, by Dr John Cosin, and dedicated to St Anne.

The pillars are marble, of one piece; at the upper end of either aisle is a painting in perspective. There is one large room, and a kitchen, of the same size, under it in the house; the house is old, but the courts about it are prettily walled, with large windows through them; it joins to a park; on the south side is a brook, and on the north is the river Wear. In the town there is a pretty cross, in a good market-place. From thence to Binchester, and about a mile further we were going out of the way; but that, fortunately, we were overtaken by a gentleman (Mr Bryan Layton), with whom we soon got acquaintance; he carried us to Branspeth Castle,¹ to wait on Sir Ralph Cole, a very fine gentleman; he has furnished his house with excellent good pictures and paintings, of his own hands' working, and has made his orchards and gardens answerable to it. From thence to Durham.

Thursday 17th, we saw the church; the remarkables wherein were the tomb of venerable Bede, the shrine of St Cuthbert, a good clock; the steeple is 320 steps high. Here we took leave of good ale. That night we left Durham, and by the way we saw Lumley Castle;² it is a large house; we found the rooms furnished with corn: in the hall is a very fine marble font or laver; near the Castle is an engine for draining his coal-mines, which wheels were carried about with water; and when that failed them, they wrought it out with horses, as in a horse-mill. About ten at night we reached Newcastle.

Friday 18th, we saw St Nicholas' Church; there are several pretty monuments therein. We saw a grave made for a poor alderman of the town (old Milbank); his poor

¹ Brancepeth, said to be a corruption of Brawn's path, so-called from the number of wild boars in the district. It was a seat of the Nevilles, and since Kirk's day has been pulled down to give place to the present castle.

² Built in the reign of Edward I. by Robert de Lumley, an ancestor of the Earls of Scarborough.

widow was in great distress how to defray the funeral expenses, having but £7 in the house ; her jointure was £1100 per annum, and £15,000 in money, &c. Our landlord being a wine-merchant treated us in his cellar ; we drunk excellent good wine. In the afternoon we went down the river ; we had the wind-music and fiddles of the town. We saw Clifford's Fort ;¹ there were forty guns on the walls. We waited on the Deputy-Governor of Tinmouth,² Captain Love ; his wine was neither white nor Rhenish. We treated him in his own lodgings with our wine. In our return we had abundance of rain, and were wet through the tilt ; the fiddles were almost drowned, yet we made them play before us through the streets.

Saturday 19th, we waited most part of the day for fair weather, but it still continued raining, and we ventured on it, and were thoroughly wet before we got to Morpeth.

Sunday 20th, we went three miles, to Ulgham, to church ; there we were received by one Mr Lawson, who made much of us ; the chapel here was but small, with one little cracked bell, and a rope as thick as my arm to ring it with. At night we walked from Morpeth to the parson's, and supped there. His house is not far from the ruins of an old castle. Morpeth is but a little town, situated very low upon the river Wanspeck.³ Here they receive money for their poor of every one in the church, every Sunday, every one knowing how much he ought to pay ; and if he comes not one day, he pays double the next, and so they have no sesses for the poor.

Monday 21st, we left Morpeth, and went to Witherington Castle, about half-a-mile from the sea ; then we rode along

¹ This year [1672] Clifford's fort, at the east end of North Shields, was built. There was anciently here a fort of baskets piled with sand and mortar, with a gun placed between each basket."—Sykes, *Local Records*.

² Tynemouth, locally pronounced Tinmouth.

³ Wansbeck.

the sands to Warkworth, where is the ruins of a great castle belonging to the Countess of Northumberland. This town stands on the river Cocket: the Countess receives £150 per annum for the fishing there; we saw some salmons taken there. In a rock on the north bank of the river is a little chapel, and other rooms hewn out of the rocks; it is much better than St Robert's at Knaresborough: this is dedicated to St Francis. At night we got to Alnwick, where is likewise a very great castle, and some part of it in repair. A little from the town, up the river, is an Abbey, where Sir Fopling lives: we waited in the Abbey an hour before he made his appearance; we drunk a glass or two of wine with him (Mr Brandling) and left him as we found him.

Tuesday 22nd, we went to Bamborough,¹ where is a pretty house of Sir William Foster's: there is the ruins of a great castle on a craggy rock; we were told it was built before our Saviour's time. Here we took boat for the Ferne Islands; there are about seven in all, but three more remarkable, the Ferne, the South Wideopen, and the Staple, &c. The Ferne is next the shore, whereon is a kind of castle and a lighthouse upon it; there are sheep and rabbits, and about the rocks several sorts of fowl make their nests. In the Wideopen grows a certain sort of weed with a white flower: amongst this grass are such infinite number of nests of several sorts of sea-fowl, that one can scarce walk for treading on them. The Staple is still further from shore, and the sea here is very rough; the watermen were unwilling to go thither with us, yet when we came there we were very well satisfied. On this island is grass, and none of the former weed: we found holes thereon like cony holes, wherein one of the wherry-men put in his hand, and pulled

¹ Bamborough Castle, founded by Ida, King of Northumbria, about the middle of the 6th century.

out a sea-fowl off her nest, called a coulteneb,¹ a bird as large as a partridge, with a strong beak. The wild pigeons do likewise build in these holes. When the men put in their arms, they know not whether they shall pull out a coulteneb or a pigeon. On one corner of this isle stand several rocks out in the sea all in a row, about half-a-yard or a quarter or half a quarter of a yard distance one from another ; they are about four or five yards square a-piece, and as high as any ordinary steeple ; they are within two or three yards of the shore, which is as high as the rocks ; upon the tops of these rocks are as many birds as can stand one by another, most of willimants² and scouts ; they have black backs and white bellies ; they are not so large as a crow ; they have but one egg a-piece, which they hold sometimes under one foot and sometimes under both feet ; if they go easily off them, the eggs will stick in the places where they leave them upon the shelving side of the hard rock, but if they be frightened from them hastily, the eggs will roll from the place. We threw stones at them, and felled many of them into the sea ; but few of them would stir but those we hit with the stones. All the sides of the rocks are as full as they can hold of several birds ; here are some scarps,³ a bird as black as a crow, but much larger. We stoned one a great while, but till she was hurt, she would not get off her nest, but made a great noise and gaped at us, &c. But taking leave of them we went to Belford, where we found a multitude of people dancing on the green, which is their custom at a wedding ; there were three or four lairds amongst them, such as I never saw before. The lairds enjoyed the pleasure of dancing with the ladies, and some of our company went snips with them.

¹ The common puffin.

² Guillemots.

³ Cormorants. They are also known in Scotland as scarts, and scarfs.

Here is a chapel that has no roof ; only a little part of the choir where the minister preacheth is covered. Here one of our grooms beat a boy for riding his horse too fast, but the boy's mother threatened a revenge ; and just before we took horse on

Wednesday 23rd, the groom's horse fell very ill,¹ that we had much ado to get him forward. From hence we rode over the sands to Holy Island (it being low water). Here is a little town and a garrison ; it is a level island, yet in one part of it ariseth a very high rock ; hereon is built a castle, where the garrison is kept, having but one way to it : not far from this is a new fort, called Osborn's Fort, built much after the manner of Clifford's Fort : in the town is the ruins of a church, not unlike the model of the Cathedral at Durham.² About this isle are found little star-stones, which they call Saint Cuthbert's-beads.³ The island is about a mile over ; hereon sheep and rabbits feed extraordinarily ; one cony was killed here, wherein was found seventeen ounces of fat. After we had drunk the Governor's health, we hasted hence for fear of the tide, and rode along the shore to Barwick, where we may take notice that ever since we came to the sea-shore near Witherington Castle, all along we found store of conies. We reached Barwick this night in good time, &c.

Thursday 24th, morning, we walked to the middle of a long bridge of fifteen arches ; the greatest arch is the next arch but one to the town, and is a very large one ; the rest from the town diminish orderly till they come to the other side ; there are no buildings on it, but a plain straight bridge. Here, on the middle arch, we took leave of one of

¹ Pompey (the name of this horse) afterwards succumbed. See his epitaph below, p. 12.

² The church on Holy Island is said to have been the model for Durham Cathedral.

³ A name given to single joints of the stems of fossil crinoidea.

our company, who returned southward again. We drenched him in sack, and the Governor of the town, Captain Sterling, and another officer, came to us, and assisted us in the combat; he fired his pistols and departed. About three o'clock this afternoon a common soldier likewise had his maggot and departed: having a child in his arms about a year and half old, he often kissed it, and threw it over the bridge to be christened in salt water (it being full sea), and to continue the frolic he leaped over himself: the little girl floated above 200 yards and was taken up and saved, but the man was not found till next day. Jealousy was the supposed occasion of this adventure; another soldier having told him, while you stand here on the guard, such a one is lying with your wife. That night we had the officers to sup with us, and

Friday 25th, our horse not being yet recovered, we resolved to stay till Monday; we viewed the town; it is not very large, but well fortified with excellent walls and trenches. Here is the ruins of an old castle; the town stands on the south side of the hill, and close on the sea on the east, the river Tweed on the south. This river is but very small at low water; there is a pretty church built in the town, not much unlike the model of the new church in Covent Garden, without a steeple. Their town[hall?] is open below, supported with pillars, and has a steeple and bells, and these bells call them to the church, which is at a great distance. When anybody dies, they send about the bellman to proclaim in the streets that such a one died, at such a time; this custom is general in these parts:—

“Belooved brouthrin and sustars, I let yaw to wot, thaut thir is ane fauthfill broothir lawtli dipawrtid out of thes prisant varld, aut thi pleswir of Almoughty God: his naum is Wooli Voodcock, thrid sun to Jimmi Voodcock, courdinger: he liggs aut thi sext dour wethin the noord gawt closs on

the nauthir haund, and I wod yaw gang to his [burial] before twa a clock."¹

In Scotland and these northern parts they are rigid Presbyters, and they will not suffer any to be buried in their churches (except noblemen), for they look upon the figures upon monuments to be images, and not fit to come into so holy a place, though they themselves walk in them with great irreverence, and are offended to see any walk in them uncovered; therefore, in the churchyards are several pretty monuments, &c. On the north side of the town, upon the wall, is a tower, wherein hangs one bell; this was a watch-tower against the Scots, and this was rung to give notice of them.

On Saturday 26th, we caroused with the officers, and on

Sunday 27th, we observed that great part of the town were gone out to private meetings; our landlord was a zealous man, but there was no kirk suited with his humour: he preached at home.

Monday 28th. We left Berwick. The first remarkable thing was a miserable poor village, called Lamerton;² in the best cottage herein (which was a miserable mean one) lived the Laird of Lamerton; we were told he had £200 per annum, and yet could not live off it; this was a surprise, but before we had rid ten miles over great wastes, we saw many of these Lairds' palaces. When we had passed these hills, we descended to the sea, and found a pleasant valley along the sea-shore, full of good corn, but no enclosures. There were several pretty houses by the way, and above every house a grove of trees (though not one tree elsewhere), which set them off mightily. At Schateraw³ we rested ourselves a little, our horse Pompey being unfit for travel,

¹ This passage appears *verbatim* in Kirk's diatribe against Scotland.—See *Early Travellers*, p. 259.

² Lamberton.

³ Skateraw, in parish of Innerwick.

having all the skin off his mouth, both on the inside and out, and had eat nothing since he began his sickness, but what was put into him, yet we hoped we should get him to Edinburgh. From hence to Dunbar; about a mile on this side, we called at Broxmouth,¹ to see my Lord of Roxborough's house. The house is but mean, but the gardens are very well and in good order, with several good lead statues in them. Above this house and the town of Dunbar, on their south side, is a great hill sloping northwards, very steep, on the sloping side whereof was fought the great battle of Dunbar: the Scots lay on the side of the hill, and the English on the foot thereof; the ruins of the house where Oliver lay is still remaining; the Scots threatened to destroy all the English, or force them into the sea. Down the side of the hill runs a brook, which had worn a hollow down the hill side; up this hollow the English passed, and surprised the Scots, and defeated them. At Dunbar we saw the church, where, in a particular place in the east end of the church, lies Henry, Earl of Dunbar,² with a large monument for him. There are none else lie within the church. On the east wall, in the churchyard, are several monuments. This town lies by the sea; it is but little; has been famous for herring fishing.³ There are some ruins of the great castle; under the rock on the sea-shore is a good well, called St Bee's well.⁴ Here is a harbour for ships, safe enough, if they can get into it. On the south of the town is a house of Sir Robert Sinclair's; he has above fifty acres of ground drained here. From

¹ Broxmouth.

² This should be James, Earl of Dunbar, whose monument attracted the attention of every traveller who passed through the town.

³ Dunbar seems to have struck all the travellers during the 17th century as a decayed town.—See *Early Travellers*, pp. 81, 165.

⁴ This Well still exists, though no longer in use. The immediate vicinity is known as Bayswell. In another part of the town of Dunbar there are traces of an ancient building, known as St Bee's Chapel.

hence, though in a valley, we saw three high hills, Depender-law,¹ North-Berwick-law, and the Basse Island. They told us that my Lord of Kingston would convene his tenants on to the top of Depender-law to-morrow, being the 29th of May, and make them merry, and fire a gun or two there. Here we were ill troubled for hay for our horses. The ale in this country, and in Northumberland, is made of bigg-malt,² and was not at all gustful to our palates, nor was the ordering of their meat agreeable to us. Their windows are little, and the lower parts of them are wood-shuts without glass, and in the shuts and other places are oval holes cut to thrust their heads through, like pillories, which they use not, but have an iron collar chained to a post, which they yoke them in.³ The women, I think, esteem it an honour to go bare-foot and bare-leg, for when we entered our inn, a maid there had stockings and shoes on, but upon our coming she pulled them off and went bare-leg.

On Tuesday the 29th, we intended for the Basse Island, and we drove our poor horse Pompey along with us. Our guide brought us to Castleton,⁴ near Tantallon Castle; a ruinous thing. Here we took boat for the Basse; about twenty of us in the boat; the sea being very rough, we thought she was overladen. The Island is two miles from shore; it is very steep on every side, except that towards the land, whereon is built a block-house. There is but one place to land at, and that very dangerous to climb up the rock; the place is impregnable, the rocks on every side, but this one place, being above a hundred yards in perpendicular height, and from the edges on every side it still ascends up

¹ Dunpender, or Traprain Law.

² *Bigg* is a variety of winter barley. *Scottish* beare. In the north of Scotland beer is still made from it. Smugglers use it much more than barley, which is more difficult to obtain.

³ Kirk means what are known in Scotland as the *jougs*, or branks.

⁴ There is a large farm close to Tantallon Castle, which is still known as Castleton.

to one middle point like the mounting of a sharp hay-cock. Here were five or six prisoners, Presbyterians, parsons, and others, for stirring up the people to rebellion in their conventicles.¹ Before we landed we were asked if we came to see the prisoners (for they will admit of no visitants to them). After we had passed the guards, the Governor² inquired what we were, and our business; and understanding we were travellers, he ordered some to walk about the Island with us; it is about half-a-mile round, and very dangerous walking about it. Here are a great number of Soland geese; they sit their eggs on the rocks in great numbers, not unlike the scouts in the Ferne Island. The geese are white, only the tips of their wings black, and their heads yellowish; a sharp, straight, long black breast the first year, their backs prettily speckled with black and white, but as they grow older they grow more white; they are bigger than a duck, and have but one egg a-piece. There is a man there will fasten a rope on the top of the rock, and taking hold of it will swarm down the steep to fetch the young ones; we saw him go down to bring us up some eggs. They never kill any of the old ones, but take the young ones and sell them for half-a-crown a-piece. They are only there in the summer-time; about the 10th of April they observe one particular goose, with a few attendants, to come thither, and within a day or two they all follow her: they make a great noise till they have chosen their nests, which is nothing but a little sea-weed, and sometimes nothing but the hard rock, and then they are more quiet. When the young ones are ready to fly they take them and sell them; they are an extraordinary fat fowl: about

¹ About this date Blackadder, Traill, and Peden were among the notable prisoners in the Bass.

² Charles Maitland was at this time Deputy-Governor of the Bass for the Duke of Lauderdale.—*The Bass Rock*, pp. 17, 33. (By Dr M'Crie and Hugh Miller.)

Michaelmas they all fly away. There are many other birds build on these rocks, most of them such as we saw at the Ferne. Here is fresh water in several places of the rock, and two little garden-places. The Governor had some friends come to rejoice with him this day ; we were invited in, and we found one Mr Alexander Maitland, son to the Governor, who was very civil to us : upon our relation of Pompey's weakness, he kindly lent us a horse to Edinburgh. We took leave of the Basse, and had a calmer sea back again ; some of the company were sea-sick, but more were land-sick with looking down the steep rock. Now we hasted for Edinburgh, and left poor Pompey there, who soon after made his will, and left to my landlord. His friends wrote this epitaph for him :—

“ Here lies Pompey ; Pompey the Great,
Witchcraft or poison did the feat.”

In our way to Edinburgh we saw many fine seats : every half mile we saw a fine house in a grove of trees. We went through North Barwick, where the forementioned high hill stands. It is almost like a sugar-loaf : it goes up very steep on every side into a sharp point, and is very high upon a narrow bottom. It is to be seen at a very great distance. Thence to Aberlady, to Preston Pans, a very long town ; thence to Musselborough, where alighted, to see my Lord Twadall's house ;¹ the gardens are in good order, the house is unfurnished, but the rooms have good roofs, some painted, some plastered. From hence to Edinburgh. The streets were almost melted with bonfires, and full of tradesmen and apprentices, every one straightly imprisoned in stiff new

¹ Pinkie House, built in 1622 by Alexander Seton, first Earl of Dunfermline. According to the *Old Statistical Account* the house was purchased by the family of Tweeddale, when the Setons were attainted in 1688. But as Kirk was in Scotland in 1677, it must have been in possession of the Tweeddales before that date. It used to be told of this house (though without foundation in fact) that it had as many doors and windows as there are days in the year.

clothes, and so feathered with ribbons, that they would all have flown like birds of paradise, had they not been fast tied to cold iron, a musket and a sword to secure them. The continual noise of the great guns from the Castle and the flame that enclosed them on every side hardened them so much, that they attempted to fire their own engines, which they then did with so much freedom and carelessness that they could fire one way and look another. We lighted at the foot of the Canny-gate;¹ and, after we had drunk as much as we thought would secure us from the flame, we ventured to run the gauntlet of fire, swords, pikes, and guns: with much ado we passed it once with safety; but on our return, we scaped very narrowly, the smoke having like to overcome us. Such a confusion, I must needs say, I never saw before, every day while we stayed here. We frequently met here a sword, there a pike or gun walking home to their own masters, and the poor holiday heroes were as much deplumed as Æsop's jay, having no feathers remaining, but a knot of red and yellow, or blue, hanging loosely on the cock side of their bonnets, which, if they hold together, must be worn till this time twelvemonth, whereby they are to challenge their places. We washed ourselves with wine, for fear some sparks should remain to destroy, and ventured to bed: the bottom of my bed was loose boards, one laid over another, with sharp edges, and a thin bed upon it. I ken I got but little sleep that night.

On Wednesday 30th fell great store of rain. We went to a bookseller's shop in the Parliament Close. We saw the Parliament House: it is a good building, and the inner roof looks prettily. From thence we went to the College, where Mr Henderson, the library-keeper, showed us the library: there are many good books in it. Here we saw a horn that grew two inches above a woman's right ear, that

¹ The Canongate.

was eleven inches long, and of a crooked form : it was cut off about the year 1671. Here is my Lord Napier's picture,¹ a skeleton, a pair of good globes : here, in a box, is the first Protestation of the German princes against the Pope, with all their hands and seals round the edges of it, as thick as they can hang together. Here is a Virgil, in manuscript, curiously done, for one of the Kings of Scotland. In this College neither regents nor scholars wear any gowns, but they diet in the town, &c.

Thursday 31st, being a very wet day, we stayed within.

Friday, June 1st. We saw the Castle ; it stands upon a very high rock, and there is but one side next the town to come to it ; there are 120 men belonging to it. There is an old-fashioned iron gun called Munt's Megg ;² we crept into it with ease. From thence we went to Herriot's Hospital, a very fine regular building, though not finished ; it is designed

¹ The portrait of Napier of Merchiston still hangs in the Edinburgh University Library. With regard to the other possessions of the University specified by Kirk, I am indebted to Mr Webster, the Librarian, for the following notes : "In a Catalogue of the Library, drawn up about 1695-97, by Robert Henderson, there is the following entry :—'A Skeleton of a Frenchman brought from Paris by Doctor Michael Young, who, physician-like, frightened us at first sight, and then to dissipate fear and to make this sad spectacle very familiar and monitory of what we must all be at last, presented therewith, 1672. It is cleanly and neatly done, and covered with a white sheet, and wants three teeth above and four below, and the forefinger or joynt of the right hand is dropt off. He hangs in a very convenient oblong box of timber, which, opening with the doors, exposes all parts of him to view.'

"The 'Protestation of the German Princes' is without doubt the Bohemian Charter described in the same Catalogue :—'In Pixide conservatur Protestatio Bohemica authentica primum excusæ Tyrannidis Papisticæ. Monumentum ex dono Domini Guilielmi Guild Theologiæ Professoris Aberdonensis.' A full description of this document was contributed to *Proc. Soc. Antiq. Scot.*, vol. iii., by Dr Small.

"The only MS. of Virgil at all likely to correspond to that referred to is the MS. which belonged to William, Lord Ruthven, and which was presented to the University 'a Magisterii Candidatis A.D. 1643.'" The MS. to which Mr Webster refers is Gavin Douglas's translation of Virgil, probably, according to David Laing's MS. note, the MS. collated by Ruddiman for his edition of Douglas's Virgil, 1710.

² Mons Meg.

for freemen's sons, to be admitted there at seven years old, and to stay there till they be fit for some employment; those that are found capable are sent to the College, the rest are put to trades. Upon this joins the church called Grey Friars, where round the churchyard we saw abundance of very fine monuments; and then we saw the Mint.¹

Saturday 2nd, we went to Leith, a pretty harbour; and there we made merry with the Governor of the Orkneys.

On Sunday 3rd, in the evening, we went to Leith again.

On Monday 4th, we intended to have left Edinburgh, but we were prevented, one of us falling sick that day.

On Tuesday 5th, we dined at Leith, and on

Wednesday 6th, we left the town, and began our northern ramble, &c.

On Wednesday, June 6th, 1677, we bid adieu to Edinburgh, and took water from Leith to Brunt Island: one Mr Maitland went in the boat with us. We had good wine along with us, which we knew to be so by our wine-taster, whose stomach (if the wine be good) does disembody at the first salutation, though at this time he was not the only man that baited herrings. When we came ashore, we took horses to see two or three Lords' houses up the Frith; this Mr Maitland accompanying us. The first was a house of my Lord Morton's, at Aberdore, about two miles from Brunt Island; it stands in a plump of trees, as all the houses I have hitherto seen do, though there be not a tree in any part of the country about them. There is a good bowling-green and good walks in good order. The house seems to be old, and not very good. We could not see the house, my Lord not being at home. From thence to my Lord Dumfermling's house at Dogetty,² a mile further. The garden

¹ In the Cowgate, at the foot of Toddrick's Wynd. The ancient Cunzie Hous stood on the west side of the Abbey Close at Holyrood Palace.

² "Of Dalgety House, Seton's favourite residence, not so much as a stone remains."—*Ordnance Gazetteer* (F. H. Groome).

and walks here are likewise in very good order. The house is little and very low, having no chambers in it, though the few rooms there are, are in indifferent good order. Half a mile further is Dennebrussel,¹ a house of my Lord Murray's. It being late, and my Lady Dowager living there, we thought it not seasonable to see the rooms. The outside promises to be a fine house; it is built square and regular, and the windows proportionable. In the middle of the eastern court is a fountain, in the middle whereof stands a Mercury, with one foot on the back of a tortoise, which turns up its neck and spouts water up a great height, and washes the Black's skin. Here are many good gardens, walks, and groves, and a very fine bowling-green. But night called us away from this sweet seat, and home we must to Brunt Island, where we lay all night. Here is a small castle, wherein are some thin brass guns, that are covered with leather. Here is an excellent large harbour, which at low water is dry, and at high water is twenty-five feet deep. Here is a mill carried by sea-water,² the high water filling the dam full enough to supply the mill till high water again. Here is a chapel built square,³ and the roof sloped up like a dove-cot, the steeple arising out of the middle. The church is chiefly supported by four great stone pillars within it; there are but few seats below in it, but it is full of chairs and stools, and it is set round with galleries. Near this, we saw the schools, wherein were two seats for the two masters; the rest were strewed with grass, moss, &c., and all the boys lay there in the litter like pigs in a sty; but we released them from their slavery.

Thursday 7th, we left Brunt Island; and before we came

¹ Donibristle House, which has been thrice burned down since Kirk's day.

² According to the writer in the *New Statistical Account*, this mill worked on an average fourteen hours a day.

³ This chapel was built in 1592, and is so capacious, says the *Old Statistical Account*, that it once contained between 3000 and 4000 Hessians.

to Kinghorn, we saw a spa¹ which breaks through the crevice of a great rock on the sea-shore. We tried the water with gall, but it did not change colour according to our expectation. A little further we rode near a small house belonging to a Laird, which our guide told us had been much haunted with a spirit; but about six years ago it took leave of them, and told them it would come again at the seven years' end.

We left the sea now, and went to Lashley,² where we saw my Lord Chancellor Rothes' house. It stands in a bottom, the country about being barren and naked; but about the house are abundance of trees. The house is large, regular, and well contrived. It is built about a square court, three stories high; on the lowest floor are some lodging-rooms, and some rooms of entertainment; but I suppose it is chiefly taken up with butteries, kitchens, cellars, &c. On the second story is an excellent gallery, and one very good dining-room, abundance of very good lodging-rooms well furnished, and every room has its closet or withdrawing-room, with a bed in it, suitable to the room it belongs to. On the third story is about forty rooms with their closets belonging to them, most of them lodging-rooms, and very well furnished. On one side of the house are gardens with little statues; in the middle of the fountain stands Apollo. On another side of the house are good gravel alleys, and walls with fruit-trees. At the foot of these is a square level piece, not finished, wherein is intended to be a fountain, and this piece is to be moated round. On the other side are two large courts with broad gravel walks, which lead to the house. On the fourth side is a bank with trees, which goes steep down to a brook, and on the further side of the brook are large gardens.

¹ The medicinal spring at Kinghorn, first brought into repute by Dr Patrick Anderson in his *Cold Spring of Kinghorne Craig: his admirable and new tryed properties* (1618).

² Leslie House, built by the Earl of Rothes, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, in the reign of Charles II.

There are no stables or outhouses near the house, &c. From thence we came to St Andrews. That night we viewed the ruins of the famous church of St Andrews: it stood on the east side of the town. There are two streets that run directly to the west gate thereof; there are several pieces of the walls remaining; one square steeple, narrow but high.

On Friday, the 8th of June, we went first to St Salvator's College, where ascended the steeple and viewed the country. The roof of this church, or rather congregation-house, is all stone, and within it has been a good tomb of Bishop Canadi;¹ about it were placed many maces, three whereof we saw at St Mary's College.² This College is but small and very mean, yet of the oldest foundation; the regents carried us into their public room for disputations, and he that is to be examined sits upon a black stone in the middle thereof. We were likewise led into one of their chambers, where we were treated with wine; from whence we went to New College, or Mary's College: here we saw the three forementioned maces: one of them is a very good one, being all massy; the other two are mean ones, being hollow. In this College is a public room for university exercise; in a room here are kept some mathematical instruments; the mathematic professor, Mr ———,³ did show them to us. Upon the outside of the College Walk near the sea is a new observatory⁴ erected, but it is not yet finished. From hence we went to the third

¹ Bishop Kennedy, the splendour of whose tomb at St Andrews even John Major criticised. "Duo in viro (Kennedy) non laudo, scilicet commendam cum tali episcopatu tenuisse, licet exigua erat; nec sepulchri sumptuositatem approbo."—*Hist. Maj. Brit.*, lib. vi. cap. 19.

² An interesting paper on these maces was read at the March meeting (1892) of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

³ The records of the University do not enable us to determine who this professor may have been; but according to his biographers, James Gregory was Professor of Mathematics in St Andrews from 1669 to 1674.

⁴ This observatory seems never to have been finished. It stood at the south end of the gardens of St Mary's College.

and last College, St Leonard's; it is like the rest. I observed nothing remarkable. The students in all the three Colleges wear red gowns; the regents have black, almost such as our freshmen have in Cambridge. There is nothing in the town worth remark; it has formerly been a town of trade, but is now in a poor condition.

Saturday 9th, we left St Andrews and went to Dundee; we crossed the river Tay (on the north side of the town). Two miles over in our passage, we saw abundance of those large fish which they call polarck;¹ we judged them to be two or three yards long a-piece. They fish for salmon in this river, and go out and in with the tide. In Dundee has formerly been a good church, but it is not now so large as it has been, the steeple standing several yards distant from the church: the steeple is high, and well-built; near the roof are several loop-holes, wherein they used to plant great guns; the church is divided into three parts,² and they preach in each of them without hearing one another; there is no grave made near the church, but the burying-place (which they call the hoof)³ is a great distance from it; it is a square piece of ground, about two acres, enclosed with a wall, and a walk of trees within the wall; all the inner part of the wall is filled with various monuments, and all the whole place is filled with grave-stones, well cut, and some of them gilded; in one corner is a seat in the wall, where the governor of the trades keeps his court; on another side is a pair of butts to shoot at.

Sunday 10th, we heard a sermon at the greatest church; they first sing a psalm, and then the minister begins his prayer, and as soon as he has taken his text, they all put on their hats. There were children christened; the minister

¹ Pellack, or pellock, *i.e.*, the porpoise.

² St Mary's, St Paul's, and St Clement's.

³ "The principal place of interment in Dundee is called the *houff*."
—Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*.

spoke something to their fathers about baptism, and demanded them to repeat their creed, and then the fathers held their children near the minister, and he, sprinkling water on them, used these words: W. I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit, &c., and with these words they conclude their prayers: only one prayer wherein he prayed for the King, Queen, and Duke:¹ he concluded with the Lord's Prayer. We judged this man to be more moderate than the rest of their ministers, particularly because they esteemed him as the worst.² Here is a town-house, the prison on the top thereof, and four bells in one corner thereof; here is a harbour for ships; here is one street, called Bonnet-hill,³ which is famous for blue bonnets.

On Monday the 11th, we left Dundee. Here we took a footman along with us for a guide, it being the custom in these parts to travel upon hired horses, and they send a footman along with them to bring them back again; this footman serves as a guide all the way, and when you alight, he takes care of the horse: they will undertake to run down the best horse you can buy in seven or eight days; they run by the horse's side all the way, and travel thirty and forty miles a day with ease: you may have a horse and a guide for twopence per mile. At noon we rested at Arbroth, where we found a drunken landlord: here are the ruins of an old abbey.

From hence we intended for Montrose; a mile before we came there, we called at Mr Scot's, Laird of Craig,⁴ where we saw an old fountain, a woman standing in the middle of a large laver, having one child in her arms, and another by

¹ The Duke of Lauderdale.

² The truth is that public worship in Scotland during the second Episcopal *régime* differed in very few points from the forms of Presbyterianism.

³ Now called Hilltown.

⁴ The barony of Craig was nearly identical with the present estate of Rossie. The old castle of Craig is represented by a tower and gateway, and part of a house added in 1639. It was probably at this house that Kirk called.

the hand; it had been railed about, and round about the bottom of it were small brass pipes, which they could make spout upwards at their pleasure. From hence we ferried over to Montrose; there is a haven here, and the town is about to drain a large piece of ground whereon the tide now flows a fathom deep; the bank will be two or three miles long, &c.¹ By the way, we may here take notice that the women in Scotland do not change their names when they are married, but still retain their own names; here my landlord was of one name, and my landlady of another. Their inns in these parts are called change-houses, and their traffic or return is called change; as they told us, a mountebank here would but find little change or return.

On Tuesday 12th, we left Montrose, and in our way we saw eight or ten men upon the waste with a piper with them, which proved to be a wedding. A little further we came by a poor cottage, where lived a parson that preached for dry fish. We passed by Dunnnoter Castle to Stonehive,² where we rested, and very fortunately met with one Sir James Keith,³ who was very civil to us, and gave us instructions for our journey, and letters to several persons; he is something ancient, and has eat no flesh nor fish, nor drunk anything but water for many years. From hence to Aberdeen, but by the way we got soundly wet a mile before we came at the town; we crossed the river Dee, over a bridge of seven arches.

Wednesday 13th, we saw a mountebank on the stage near

¹ This bank is known as Drainer's or Dromer's Dyke. It appears in Sleezer's view of the town, and this reference to it brings the date of its construction into smaller compass than any other record we possess. The object of the dyke was to reclaim about 2000 acres from the sea; but the embankment was destroyed by a storm when it was hardly completed, and the projectors of the scheme were ruined. The North British Railway now runs alongside of the dyke.

² Local name for Stonehaven.

³ This may have been Sir James Keith of Benholm, son of the fifth Earl Marischal.

the Tolbooth, wherein are several Quakers,¹ one whereof a week ago stripped himself naked, and took dirt in his hands, and walked through the streets, saying that shortly all the actions of men should be like that dirt; and to cure his raving he was secured in prison: a young woman in the town being asked what she thought of this frolic, replied, that, if she had had the same impulse that he had, she would willingly have walked naked along with him, hand in hand. These Quakers never ceased preaching to people, and loudly reprehended the folly of the fool on the stage, whilst he made them a return with a whining and grinning face. We went to the New College, formerly called Grey Friars,² and saw the library, consisting of a few books, and two or three mean old mathematical instruments. The College is a small poor place; in the chief place of the court is an inscription in old characters, in form following:—

They have said.

What say they?

Let thame say.

They gave this account of it:—That after a gentleman had purchased the place, the people thought he had profaned it, and they talked to that purpose, but he valued it not, but says, let thame say. From thence we went to the church, wherein are two distinct churches, both of them large and well seated, the best that I have yet seen in Scotland.³

Thursday 14th, we went to the old town, about a mile

¹ The Quakers began to attract attention in Aberdeen about 1663. In 1674 two of them were imprisoned on the charge of calling the kirk a steeple-house, and for attending a conventicle of their sect. A representation having been made to the Lords of the Privy Council, the magistrates were ordered to liberate them, and thenceforward the Quakers were left free to worship as they pleased.—Kennedy, *Annals of Aberdeen*, ii. 254–5.

² Marischal College, founded by the Earl Marischal in 1593. It was known as Greyfriars' College, because the property of the Greyfriars was granted to the Earl for the purposes of his new institution.

³ The Church of St Nicholas.

more north, on the river Don ; here is the Principal College,¹ much exceeding the other ; there is one piece of new building in it, seven stories high, and four rooms and studies on a floor. We were treated by Mr Middleton,² the master of the College. We saw the Cathedral Church, not far from the College ; it has been built in form of our churches, the steeple in the middle, and two small steeples on the west end, but the choir is all pulled down to spoil the form of the cross from the church to the tavern. A scholar that was with us showed us a smooth black stone, like a ring ; it was two inches over, and as thick as one's little finger ; he said it was found in a raven's nest, and if one take a raven's eggs and boil them and lay them in the nest again, she will fetch such a stone as this to recover them again.

On Friday 15th, we rested, only viewed the town a little ; it is a pretty place and good entertainment ; the wine is a mark a pint : it lies near the sea, but I think it is not very considerable for trading.

On Saturday 16th, we left Aberdeen, and took a footman along with us as a guide through the north ; we had the company of one Mr Merriſ. In our way we saw a sheep with four horns, two like our sheep and two like a goat's, only turned forwards.³ We intended to have lain at the Laird of Meldrum's house, but a mile before we came there we understood he was not at home, and we were forced to take up at that poor village called Old Meldrum, but we got wine, ale, and bread from the Laird's house : here was no abiding in this poor place, therefore we were forced to remove on

¹ King's College, founded by Bishop Elphinstone in 1494.

² Alexander Middleton was Principal of King's College from 1663 to 1684. He is said to have been the first of the collegiate members who married.—Spalding, *Fasti Aberdonienses*.

³ In Iceland it is not unusual for sheep to have three, four, and even five horns.

Sunday 17th. Near this Meldrum's house we saw a gibbet, or gallows, and Mr Merris informed us that most barons had one near their houses, having power to condemn and hang any offenders within their liberties,¹ but they usually send them to the Sheriff: we called at the house, and drank four or five rummers of claret with two ladies there, and then went on our journey. We rested an hour at Turo, and then we came to Bamf.²

On Monday, the 18th of June, we viewed the town. There are some remains of an old castle near the sea; there are the walls of an old house of my Lord of Bamf's. Here the river Doverne³ empties itself into the sea. At the mouth of the river, we saw them take abundance of salmon, as they do on all these coasts. In the afternoon, we waited on the old Lady Huntley, who is married to my Lord ——⁴, and lives in this town. Whilst we were drinking a glass of wine, a gentleman pressed in upon us with his sword-belt and shoulder-knot on the wrong side (he being lame on the right hand). His name was Captain Ogilby, but Bacchus had completed his victory over him. He pretended that he had such esteem for strangers, that he always waited on them when they came near him, as he did officiously upon us. As fast as the wine was brought to us, he threw it down upon us, and then railed at fortune for being unkind to him. We had no way to be rid of him but by quitting the room, and leaving him.

On Tuesday the 19th, Mr Sultan visited us, and invited us to a change-house in the town, called Bonnie-wife's, where we were received by the Sheriff of the county and some

¹ Feudal jurisdiction, carrying with it the power of life and death, was not taken from the Scottish nobility till after the union of the Parliaments.

² Turriff and Banff.

³ The Deveron.

⁴ This lady, relict of the third Marquis of Huntly, became second wife of James, the second Earl of Airlie.

other gentlemen. This Laird was a true toper; in half an hour's time we drank more wine than some of us could carry away. About twelve o'clock we took horse, and rode sixteen tedious miles to the Boog, my Lord of Huntly's house.¹ We waited of my Lady (who is my Lord of Norfolk's daughter),² my Lord being at Edinburgh. The house is very high, and built after the manner of the castles in this country: here is a park near the house. We were invited to stay all night, but we intended for Elgin, six miles further; we were treated with excellent good claret, and we had our full doses of it. Two servants were sent to conduct us, but one of them took up by the way, and Mr Merris was conducted to the ferry-house, which is a mile beyond my Lord's house; and there he rested that night, but visited us again in the morning.

Wednesday 20th. Elgin is the shire town of Murray. Here is the ruins of a very good church, the model not unlike York Minster: it pitied us to see so fine a structure so demolished.³ In the afternoon, we caroused a little, being to take leave of Mr Merris, who could go no further with us, and especially to be quits with my Lady's gentleman, who crowed over us for being surprised the day before with the Marquis's wine. We had none such here to return him, but we made a bowl of punch, which proved hard enough for him; what he could not keep he gave up to my landlord, and we left him wallowing in it.

From hence to Forrest,⁴ eight miles. In the way we saw a wood of small oaks, the first that I observed in Scotland. Near the town of Forrest, in the middle of the corn, is a

¹ Bog-of-Gight Castle, now Gordon Castle, the Scottish seat of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

² George, fourth Marquis of Huntly, married Lady Elizabeth Howard, second daughter of Henry, Duke of Norfolk.

³ For an account of the condition of Elgin Cathedral in 1618, see Taylor the Water-poet's Narrative.—*Early Travellers*, p. 124.

⁴ Forres.

pillar erected; ¹ it is about eight yards high, half-a-yard thick, and four feet broad. It is let into a great stone pedestal: on one side are multitudes of men and horses, and other strange figures, but they are very much defaced; on the other side is only a great cross; the edges have been all fretwork. It belongs to my Lord of Murray; it is very ancient, and is not mentioned in their chronicles. We found no good account of it, though we inquired of my Lord himself, only they suppose the Danes have had some great battle there, and that their head was slain and buried there; the measure we use is a cane we carried with us, divided into 100 parts; the measures of the pillar are about height 650, breadth 120, thickness 35; the pedestal exceeds the pillar 35. Forrest is but a small town, but it stands something pleasantly, there being some wood near it.

Thursday 21st, we waited on my Lord of Murray, at Tornway Castle: ² here is a large hall, but we ascend many steps to it. His Lordship plied us so home with sack and claret, that some of us had reason to remember him. We had twenty-eight long miles from his house to Inverness; and, though we were very few, and the evening coming on, yet he never invited us to stay with him, so we ventured on: but, before we had rode half-a-mile, I trusted myself to a servant's care, being unfit to take care of myself; and the man and I were both left to the mercy of a barbarous country, our company having left us. We rode on till we came to the ferry of Arderseir; ³ but the ferry being on the other side, we could not get over. It was now very late, and we understood we were five or six miles out of our way, and

¹ This is the well-known Sueno's Stone, supposed by Mr Skene to commemorate an encounter between Sigurd the Powerful, Norwegian Earl of Norway, and a Scottish Earl, Melbrigda, in which the latter fell with all his followers.—*Celtic Scotland*, i. 337. In 1813 eight human skeletons were found near the pillar.

² Darnaway Castle.

³ Ardersier.

we would gladly have hired one along with us, but he would not go. Necessity had no law. There were neither guides nor lodging to be had : on we rode at a venture, and called at several houses, but none made reply but their dogs, the chief of their family. On the ridge of a house, two or three stories high, we saw twenty sheep standing, which was no small amazement to us. We crossed a bank by a mill, near Stewart Castle,¹ a quarter of a mile over, in the middle whereof were a pair of flood-gates, whereby the dam was filled with the tide, and supplied the mill at low water. It was past *twelve* o'clock, and no moon, and yet I could see to read a paper distinctly. About two o'clock in the morning we reached Inverness, and we found they were above two hours before us. Here we may note that these three last days were exceedingly hot ; yet, while I am writing this, I can see snow out of the window.

Friday, 22nd June, we viewed the town : on the south side thereof is a high hill, whereon stands an old castle, wherein the late Marquis of Huntly did sometimes reside :² the town stands close on the river, which comes from Lough Nesse. About a quarter of a mile north-west of the town are the remains of a fort, which was built by Oliver,³ and a garrison of English was kept therein for some years : here the river empties itself into a large lough, and some miles below it enters the sea. There is one church, which, like the rest here, is divided into two congregations. On the hill by the castle is a heading-block, which they sometimes make use of. Over the river is a rotten wooden bridge, about ten or twelve pillars. Below this bridge are abundance of nasty women passing⁴ clothes with their feet,

¹ Castle Stewart, in the parish of Petty, Inverness-shire. The castle to which Kirk refers had been built about 1625.—*New Statistical Account*.

² Inverness Castle. It occupied the site where the jail and county court-house now stand.

³ In 1652.

⁴ *Poss*, to dash about, to splash, to push.—Wright, *Provincial Dictionary*.

their clothes tucked up to the middle. Here is a great salmon fishing.

On Saturday 23rd, we intended to proceed on our journey; and, in order thereto, we crossed the ferry, and rode upon a high mountain near the road, from whence we discerned many great hills, and some of them almost covered over with snow. Before we had rode three miles on our way, we were informed that a yacht, which had formerly belonged to the King, and now to a Scotch Lord, was ready to sail to Orkney (whither we intended), therefore we returned again, preferring that way of travel before our horses.

Sunday 24th. Morning, we went to the Highland church, which may notify to us that all the neighbouring inhabitants and all the Highlanders speak a kind of wild Irish; and all in the town of Inverness do generally use that language, except some few of the better sort, that can speak Scottish. I observed their form of worship was the same in this church as in the Scotch. I understood several of their words were Greek, few of Latin, or any language we understood. Here I saw two men on the Stool of Repentance. In the afternoon we heard the same man preach Scotch in the other church.

Monday 25th. The yacht not being yet ready, we intended to view the great Lough of Nesse. In our way thither we saw a gibbet, whereon hung two Highlanders' right arms: the one of them lived to steal a horse before his wound was healed, and then got hanged for his pains. His crime was, he almost murdered a poor pedlar; but, because he was brought to life again, though with great difficulty, having many wounds with a dagger, therefore he was only condemned to lose his right arm. Here we may note the habit of a Highlander: their doublets are slashed in the sleeves, and open on the back; their breeches and stockings are either all on a piece, and straight to them, plaid colour; or otherwise, a sort of breeches, not unlike a petticoat, that reaches

not so low, by far, as their knees, and their stockings are rolled up about the calves of their legs, and tied with a garter, their knee and thigh being naked. On their right side they wear a dagger, about a foot or half-a-yard long, the back filed like a saw, and several kinnes¹ struck in the sheath of it; in either pocket a case of iron or brass pistols, a sword about a handful broad, and five feet long, on the other side, and perhaps a gun on one shoulder, and a sack of luggage on the other. Thus accoutred, with a plaid over the left shoulder and under the right arm, and a cap a-cock, he struts like a peacock, and rather prides in than disdains his speckled feet, &c. A little further we called at a gentleman's house to see a draw-well twenty-eight fathoms deep: the gentlewoman took us by the hands, and led us in, and treated us heartily with ale and usquebah.² A little further we came to the Lough: it is about two miles broad and twenty-five miles long. It is remarkable that this Lough, or meer, never freezes;³ and if a horse's fetlocks be hung with icicles, this water thaws them immediately. About the further end of this Lough are great fir-woods, but they are so full of rogues that we durst not see them: none dare pass the Highlands without a guard of ten or twelve, at the least. In our return we saw a young fir-wood, about four or five yards high a-piece. A mile above Inverness is a little island of wood, upon the river, about which are several little sluices and dams, wherein are many hecks to catch salmon. We were told that in Oliver's time a great ship was drawn by land from Inverness to the Lough.⁴

¹ Skeans or dirks? Or, is *kinnes* a misprint for *knives*?

² In *Early Travellers* (p. 264) I noted the fact that usquebaugh was nowhere mentioned as a drink of the country. But the travellers in that collection confined their journeys mainly to the Lowlands.

³ This is said to be owing to its great depth, which in some places is 780 feet.

⁴ See Richard Franck's fantastic account of this achievement.—*Early Travellers*, pp. 196-199.

Tuesday, 26th June, we went to the church to see a wedding; there were two couples joined together, but it was in the Highland language, which we understood not. In the afternoon we went to the vessel, and hoped to have weighed anchor immediately, but the master and his mate falling at variance, the mate left the vessel and would not go with us, which prevented our moving for that time. About one or two o'clock in the morning we weighed anchor, and got almost to the river's mouth with the tide; we had no wind, and therefore we struck anchor again, waiting for the next tide; about four or five o'clock this

Wednesday 27th, the wind did blow a little, which encouraged us to weigh anchor and be gone; the wind increased upon us, and made a rough sea all the night; we could not carry all our sails; we made great way this night, and by two or three in the afternoon of

Thursday 28th, we landed in Kirkwaid,¹ the chief town in Orkney; we were all of us sufficiently sea-sick, the wind being brisk and the tide strong against us. This night we were too weary to make any observation of the town.

Friday 29th, we viewed the town; here is the ruins of an old house belonging to the Earls of Orkney; here is a church² built in the form of a cross, with a steeple in the middle, which they value much, esteeming it one of the largest churches in Scotland; but we did not think it so; it is but a narrow church and very dark; it was made use of as a citadel to beat down the castle; the steeple has had a spire upon it, but it was burnt down with lightning.³ We were told that formerly here was a race of giants; one large man we saw of the same race: in the room where I lodged, I found a sword of an extraordinary size, which they told us

¹ Kirkwall.

² The cathedral of St Magnus.

³ This happened only eight years before Kirk's visit.

was John of Groat's sword. In the afternoon we met with one Mr Boghannon ; he invited us to his house, I suppose to see his lady, who was tricked up to purpose. We drank ale with him and left him.

Saturday 30th, we intended to leave the town, but not till we had paid our reckoning, which occasions us to take notice of what was said of the country before we came there : we were told that Orkney was the plentifullest country of Scotland ; we might have all things exceeding cheap, as a goose for threepence, &c. Now we lodged two nights here, and eat but one or two meals of meat at the most ; we drank very little drink in that house, finding much better in another ; but our cheap reckoning amounted to four pound sterling, and half of us lodged at another house. Before we left the town we waited of the Provost ; he treated us with ill ale, and worse sack : we inquired of him and the rest of the company with him, and of all others we thought fit to answer us, concerning the Barnacles,¹ of which we had various accounts ; but I could not understand that they proceed in any kind from a tree, though some of the inhabitants have faith enough to believe it upon this ground, that some shaken timber is found in these parts, which is brought thither by the sea, having laid some time there, whereon they find several shells sticking, wherein they find some small creatures, which some of them fancy to bear the shape of birds, and others of worms ; and because these fowls are never seen to breed in this country, therefore they conclude they proceed from these shells ; but it is but absurd ground for it, and some of these fowls have been shot, and eggs found in their bellies ; they come but here about August, and stay most part of the winter. They have many sorts of geese ; one,

¹ When Æneas Sylvius inquired regarding this story of the barnacles and geese, he was told that it was in Orkney the phenomenon was to be seen.—*Early Travellers*, p. 26. Later travellers than Kirk fully accepted the story.

they tell us, hatches her eggs in the bottom of the sea. We saw one of their skins stuffed; they are larger than our geese, and their backs prettily speckled; they are called Ember geese.¹ We had small horses provided for us to ride to the next ferry; they had no shoes on, or ever have in this country. About one o'clock this Saturday, the last of June, we mounted pads and turned our faces to the sun again, having had enough of the north; we rode about six miles through the main land to the ferry, where we drank ale at a gentleman's house: we crossed the ferry into Burra Island,² about two miles; about the half-way, not far from the sea, is the Laird of Burra's house; his name is Steward. Here we took up our lodging, and rested with the gentleman all

Sunday, the 1st day of July, there being no sermon that day in the Island.

Monday, 2nd July, one Mr Kinnard, a bailiff of the next Isle of South Ronaldshaw,³ and one Mr Steward, were at Burra's house before we were ready to go; we dined before we went away, having been very well treated, and at our departure he bestowed a little Shetland horse upon us, so low that I could easily stand on the ground with the horse under me. From this house we walked to the next ferry and passed to South Ronaldshaw, where we again mounted some little pads to pass five miles over the islands, from whence we were to ferry over Pinchland Frith⁴ to the main land; the Frith is twelve miles over, and infested with more than twenty different tides;⁵ it is one of the dangerousest ferries in Scotland, and it cannot be passed but at a level water. We waited till nine at night before the ferryman would venture, and then we left

¹ The Great Northern Diver or Loon.

² Burray.

³ Ronaldshay.

⁴ Pentland Firth. In Mercator's Map (1595) it appears as Pinthland.

⁵ See Scott's account of these currents in the diary of his visit to Orkney and Shetland.—Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 190 (edit. 1837).

Kinnard and the Orkneys : in two hours' time we came safe to land, and entered John of Groat's house. Our weariness caused us to enter mean beds, and we might have rested had not the mice rendezvoused over our faces. Our horses came to us in the morning,

Tuesday 3rd, and we were glad to mount them for the south. We passed through a small town called Weiike,¹ and after thirty miles riding, we found a miserable poor change-house, and yet we found a stranger before us. There were no thoughts of resting here, nor were there any near upon the road but Dunbeith Castle;² being not far from hence, we sent to Mr Sinclair, the Laird thereof, to beg lodging with him; we were accepted, and waited of him; he entertained us well, and drank deep glasses of beer to us, till we were very merry.

Wednesday, July 4, we breakfasted well with Sinclair, and left him about noon; we passed the Ord hill,³ which looks down upon the sea, and we got to Dunrobin, to a mean change-house, near the Earl of Sutherland's. Presently after we alighted, the Earl sent us both meat and drink from his own house, which at this time was much pulled down, in order to build it anew,⁴ which was his excuse why he did not invite us to lodge with him.

On Thursday the 5th, before we were well ready, the Laird of Gordon, an ingenious young gentleman, and Sheriff of the Shire, came to us from the Earl's house and invited us up thither. The house stands, as many others here, on the top of a round hill; the Earl is retired, and reads and prays much: we dined with him, and had a scraping fiddler with

¹ Wick.

² Dunbeath Castle, which had been captured and garrisoned by General Hurry for the Marquis of Montrose.

³ The Ord of Caithness, formerly reckoned the most dangerous road in Scotland.—*Ordnance Gazetteer*.

⁴ Dunrobin Castle boasts of being the oldest inhabited house in the kingdom. The date of its foundation is variously given as 1098 and 1275.

us all the time. After dinner we mounted for Dorno,¹ but not one of our men were sober to go along with us : for our groom had pretended he was of the same name as my Lord's butler, and they cannot make too much of one of their own name. We had Sir Robert Gordon's (the aforementioned Laird of Gordonstown) company to Dorno. A little before we entered the town, we observed a stone pillar² about three yards high, the top not unlike a Catherine-wheel, in memory of a battle fought there by the Danes. In the town are the walls of an old house of the Earl's,³ and a pretty church, miserably ruinous ; there is scarce any roof left upon it : we were told that about sixty years ago happened a great earthquake under the church, which raised up all the pillars on the north side thereof, and threw them over the wall without harming it.⁴ There was a court kept this day in the house where we lodged, and some of the best of the company came to us to wait of the Sheriff ; they entertained us with several discourses of their own country ; they told us of a sort of people that dwelt amongst them that had a foresight of things to come, that could see dangers that should befall men sometime beforehand ; several stories were told us to confirm the truth thereof. One gentleman in the company, who had been an excellent gunner, told us that he went to a

¹ Dornoch.

² The Earl's Cross (better known as King's Cross), one of the market-crosses erected before the Reformation. Tradition has it, however, that it commemorates a battle fought about the middle of the 13th century between an Earl of Sutherland and the Danes. It is now a mere pillar.

³ The Castle of Skelbo, formerly the residence of the family of Sutherland, of which the ruins still exist.

⁴ Dornoch Cathedral. "On the 5th November 1605, the night on which the Gunpowder Plot was to have been put into execution, Sir Robert [Gordon] relates that 'the inner stone pillars of the north syd of the body of the cathedrall church of Dornogh (laiking the rooff befor) were blown from the verie roots and foundation, quyt and clein over the outer walls of the church ; which walles did remane, nevertheless, standing, to the greit astonishment of all such as hath sein the same.'"—Hew Morrison, *Guide to Sutherland and Caithness*, p. 19 (1883).

house whither he had made a train to draw foxes, and he intended (unknown to the house) to watch them and shoot them; a little child in the house cried out that he saw strange flashes of fire several times; the gentleman understood this, and took this as a good omen; in short, he fired as many times as the child cried out, and killed as many foxes. They foresee sad accidents that befall men whom they never saw, and can describe them, but with great deal of terror to themselves, for they would gladly be quit of this faculty.¹ The gentleman told us that they believed their ancestors had been witches, and got that boon of the devil: that such and such of their posterity should have that particular favour from him, to be tormented with a foresight of horrible spectacles, &c. We were told by the same gentleman that a great rock in Stranarvorn² into the sea, upon a place thereof (above twenty or thirty years ago), in the dark, was seen a shining light, and the seamen have often endeavoured to mark the place where they saw it, but could never find the place by daylight, the place being inaccessible. They supposed it to be some carbuncle³ which was now overgrown with reeds.

Friday the 6th, went from Dorno up the river Tane, above sixteen miles, to see a fir-wood. Sir Robert Gordon having ordered a countryman to convey us, we passed by Lough Magidale,⁴ and we saw the hill on which Montrose was defeated.⁵ Within five miles of the wood we took another guide, and near the wood we got another, all three being few

¹ The "gift of the second sight" is not unknown in some parts of the county of Sutherland to this day; but those who profess it command little attention.

² Strathnaverna, the northern half of Sutherlandshire.

³ As is well known, the carbuncle was supposed to possess many mythical properties, such as shining in the dark, exercising fascination, &c.

⁴ Loch Migdale.

⁵ Montrose was defeated in 1650 at Invercharron. The battlefield is known as Craigeacoinneadhan, or Hill of Lamentation. After his defeat Montrose fled to Assynt, where he was taken prisoner.

enough to guard us, for several people near the edges of the woods would have stopped us if we had not had these men, their acquaintance, along with us ; they all spoke Erst¹ (the Highlanders' language), and blamed these men for bringing us thither, supposing that the King had sent us with orders to cut down the wood ; others said, that before the late wars some English gentlemen travelled those parts, and none knew their business, and they looked on our coming as a bad prognostic. One old man amongst them was prevailed with to show us the wood, which was called — ; but there were many woods together, extending many miles, wherein are many larger trees than any we saw, though those we did see were very high and straight, but of no great substance, about a man's fathom. In our way from these woods to Tayne, we saw an old round building,² and we entered it ; it was about twelve yards diameter on the inside ; the remains of the walls about six yards high ; it was built of great stones, without hewing, or without mortar ; it had but one little entrance ; the walls were double that one might walk round them in two walks, one above another ; for my part, I could not imagine the meaning of it, nor could I be informed of it. That night we got to Tayne ; in the room under our lodgings the good-man lay a-dying ; we heard his wife make bedlam lamentation besides him, yet they were ineffectual, for he died notwithstanding.

Saturday 7th, we left Tayne, and about six miles from thence we came to a ferry of three miles, called Cromarty : it is an excellent harbour ; on the north side thereof is my Lord Tarbot's house,³ and several pretty seats along. Here is a very bad boat : we took in three horses (there being scarce room for them), and before we got a hundred yards

¹ Erse.

² The castle of Duffus, now a ruin.

³ Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat (1630-1714) was made Viscount Tarbat in 1685 and Earl of Cromartie in 1703.

from shore, they were ready to leap overboard, and overturn the boat. With much ado we got safe back to land again, and changed one of these horses for a soberer horse, and we were so foolhardy as to venture again. We had like all to have been cast away, and it was a great mercy that ever we came to land again. Six miles further we crossed the ferry at Arderseir in a good boat; here we saw many polarks, sharks, or porpoises, for they are called by all these names. We saw four of them several times leap up together a yard above water. About nine at night we reached Naerne;¹ our landlord would not find good provision for our horses, therefore we sent them to another house, which he understanding, turned us after them. It is a small poor town, and we lodged in a mean house, therefore we left the place on

Sunday 8th, and passed through Forrest to Elgin.

On Monday 9th, we left Elgin, on a wet day, and we resisted great importunity of my Lady Huntley's servants (who were sent to meet us on the road) to have stayed all night there; but we passed for Aberdeen. We lay that night at Keith, and

Tuesday 10th, we rode thirty miles over great mountains through great rain, and about eight at night we dried ourselves in Aberdeen. Here we took up our rest till

Monday, the 23rd of July. We had small diversions here: billiards and butts took up some part of our time, and two mountebanks, that were there, employed some other part. We met with small civility from the town; only the Sheriff, Mr Forbes,² was very civil to us; he is a person of great

¹ Nairn.

² Mr P. J. Anderson informs me that the only Mr Forbes who was regent in Marischal College, at the period to which Kirk refers, was Robert Forbes, who held office as early as 1648. He was transferred to King's College in 1663, and died a regent there in 1686 or 1687. Latterly he seems to have also held the office of canonist at King's College, by that date a mere sinecure. Charles II. visited Aberdeen on 7th July, 1650, and on 25th February, 1651.—Kennedy, *Annals*, i. 227.

worth, esteemed the learnedest man in Scotland; he was formerly a regent of the New College here, and was made a choice of to make a speech to the King, which he knew not of till past midnight, and the King came by five in the morning; yet he came off with so great applause that his Majesty promised he would prefer him: he likewise entertained the King (as we were informed) with a kind of play, which he dictated to the actors extempore, a thing very wonderful. He has travelled most part of Europe, and has the languages, and he is master of a profound memory. He has been Sheriff here above twelve years, and he will undertake to enumerate all the particular trials that have been before him orderly, and tell the chief points, wherein he will dictate to four penmen, and write a discourse himself all the same time; in short, he is a very worthy gentleman, and has been a very good fellow, but the gout does now make him cautious, &c. In this country are many hares, for the Sheriff told us that 2500 hare-skins were entered in their custom book this last year. While we stayed here we had the fortune to see Meldrum,¹ who was very merry with us.

Monday, 23rd July, we bid adieu to Aberdeen; the Sheriff, Mr Elphinston, their collector, and one Mr Seaton, accompanying us, and gave us a treat at a little house on the south side the great bridge; the Sheriff rode three or four miles with us and parted; the other two went on further. We called at the Laird of Elsip's house,² but he was not at home. From thence to Stonehive, and so to Dunoter³ Castle: it stands upon a rock in the sea; the rock is composed all of small little stones, as it were, cemented together. The

¹ See above, p. 23.

² Elsick House, in the parish of Fetteresso, belonged to the family of Bannerman. The laird, at the time of Kirk's visit, was Sir Alexander Bauner-man, who had been created a baronet by Charles II. for his loyalty during the Civil Wars.

³ Dunnottar.

castle is ruinous ; there is one gallery in it, and they say eighty guns about it ; it belongs to my Lord Keith, Earl-Marshall of Scotland. The Sheriff of the county being at Stonehive, sent his son with wine after us to Dunoter : in the buttery is an old table called the black stock of Dunoter,¹ where many a health has been drunk ; the King himself has drunk at it. Here we drunk his Majesty's health, and at our departure we had three or four guns fired, and returned to Stonehive on

Tuesday 24th ; we had the Sheriff's company ; he went with us to Fettiress,² my Lord Marshal's house, where we waited on my Lady Marshal and her son, my Lord Keith. Here we parted with our Aberdeen gentlemen, and intended for Brechin ; our groom having got too much drink, fell out with his master, and alighted off his horse, and turned him loose ; therefore another servant led his horse, and there we left him on foot. One Mr Bateman, an Englishman, followed us from Aberdeen (not being in town when we left it) to Stonehive, and accompanied us to Brechin. Here we met with a mad woman that made us some diversion. We viewed the church here,³ on the north-west corner whereof is a steeple with a spire ; on the south-west corner is a tower, built round very high, not above two yards diameter

¹ This interesting relic of the family of Keith, known as "The black stork of Dunottar," is now in Ravelston House, near Corstorphine. The following inscription, engraved on a silver plate, gives its history :—

"Post varios casus, per multa discrimina rerum."

In Germania, regnante Othone, orta ;	Denique a Georgio Comite Marischalle
In Cathnesiam devecta,	Amico et patru di suo
In Lodoniam deportata,	Alexandro Ketho de Ravelston
Dunotyra quingentos per annos	donata,
Hospitii muneribus functa ;	Stirps ista Chatterorum
In rebus adversus ad Kethi aulam de-	Jam millenaria
ducta,	Hic tandem requiescat.

² Feteresso Castle, a few miles from Stonehaven, a seat of the Earls Marischal.

³ Brechin Cathedral, founded about 1150. The "Round Tower" of Brechin is one of the three which Scotland possesses, the other two being at Abernethy and St Egilshay in Orkney.

within, and a little distant from the church, with a little passage to it. We much admired it, but could not be informed for what it is built: they told us only for bells, but that was not very likely, the other steeple being large enough to hold more bells than they have, and this not being capacious enough to contain them, &c. Here Bateman left us, and on

Wednesday 25th, we set out for St Johnston's *alias* Perth: a parson overtook us and accompanied us thither. In our way, we passed through Forfar, near which, in the fields, was a great fair, which continues a week. Near the town is a lough, and likewise a pillar,¹ something like the pillar in Murray, but not half so high, but with hieroglyphical figures upon it, and much after the same form of that in Murray. In the evening we arrived at St Johnston's; it is a pretty town with several trees about it. Here has been a fort, near which is a burying place; here is an old house of the Gowrys, wherein the conspiracy was. In a garden-house belonging to it, which looks out on the river, King Charles was entertained² with a pleasant show acted upon a float on the river. On the other side of the river, north-west of the town, lies Scoon, where is a house of Viscount Stormont's;³ his name is Murray. Here the kings of Scotland used to be crowned; and our present King was crowned here, in the middle of a chapel, which was built by the Lord Stormont,

¹ The well-known Celtic Cross in parish of Aberlemno.

² The entertainment referred to was given in honour of Charles I. on the occasion of his visit to Perth in 1633. It is thus described in *The Chronicle of Perth*, p. 34 (Maitland Club):—"Thair was ane suord dance dancit to his maiestie the morne eftir his cumyng, upone ane iland maid of Tymer, upone the water of Tay, and certaine wersis spokin to his maiestie be ane boy representing the persone of the river Tay, and sum conference in his maiestie's praise betuix Tay and anothir representing Perth, made be Andro Wilsone, baillie."

³ A palace was begun at Scone by the Earl of Gowrie, and on his forfeiture, the property was bestowed by James VI. on David Murray of the house of Tullibardine, who was made Baron Scone in 1605, and Viscount Stormont in 1621. He finished the palace, and erected the old gateway to the north-east of the present mansion.

who raised himself to that title, and is buried in the chapel, and there is a good monument for him. The chapel stands on a piece of ground almost an acre in quantity, about two yards higher than any ground about it, called *Omnis terra*, upon which, before the chapel was built, the kings were crowned at a coronation: all the nobility of Scotland were convened together to this place, every one bringing a bootful of the earth of his own country, and emptying it in this place; hence it was called *Omnis terra*, and the King being crowned here, was made King *omnis terræ* of the whole nation of Scotland. Over the gate is set I. S. R. (*i.e.*) Jacobus Sextus Rex, and this motto (which is likewise in many places of the house) *Nobis hæc invicta miserunt centum sex Proavi*. It has been a pretty house with good gardens about it, and terrace walks, but *jam seges est ubi Troja fuit*, some of them are now sown with corn. There is a good gallery, two or three good rooms; the King's bed is still standing here. The Sheriff of Aberdeen has told us this story, that my Lord Stormont being a man of great worth, and having raised himself by his own parts, being at some difference with another gentleman of great extraction and very deserving, hangs up his picture with this motto: *Nam genus et Proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*. The other gentleman, in return, causes all the ancient coats of his family to be drawn, and writes below, *Hoc genus, hi proavi, sed quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*, &c. This I saw upon a chimney-piece, but we could not find the other, nor could the man tell us anything about it. By the way we notice that our groom, upon second thoughts, followed after us and overtook us here, and was admitted into his service again.

On Friday 27th, we left St Johnston's, and came to Edinburgh by Lough Levin¹ and Queen's-ferry. Here we rested ourselves till the 12th of August. Nothing remark-

¹ Lochleven.

able passed during our stay here, only we rode out of town two miles to St Catherine's Well,¹ which has an oil swimming upon it, and they often dry it, and find much bituminous oil at the bottom of it, which they make use of for anointing little children's joints for the rickets, &c. They say that St Catherine travelling this way with her cruise of oil, fell here and broke it, and ever since it has run oil. Note the execution place, before we came to St Catherine's. Two miles further, we saw Roslin Chapel, a very pretty design, but was never finished, the choir only and a little vault. The roof is all stone, with good imagery work: there is a better man at exact descriptions of the stories than he at Westminster Abbey: this story he told us, that the master builder went abroad to see good patterns, but before his return his apprentice had built one pillar which exceeded all² that ever he could do, or had seen, therefore he slew him; and he showed us the head of the apprentice on the wall with a gash in the forehead, and his master's head opposite to him. Bishop Sinclair founded it.³ This chapel stands on a plot of ground higher than the rest, and at the foot of a steep descent arises a rock almost surrounded with a brook. Upon this rock is built a castle, belonging to the Sinclairs; and there are rooms for three stories together, twenty steps high a-piece, all digged down into the rock: it withstood Monk awhile,⁴ but soon surrendered. A mile from hence is Haythorneden, where is a passage made into a rock, about two yards wide and eight long, and then it turned another way about the same measure, with a little room, and a dove-

¹ The Balm Well of St Katherine de Sienna, long famous for its miraculous virtue in cases of skin disease.

² Known as the "Prentice Pillar."

³ Roslin Chapel was founded in 1450 by William of St Clair, Prince of Orkney and Duke of Oldenburgh. The Chapel was meant to be the Collegiate Church of Roslin, but only the Chancel and the Lady Chapel were built.

⁴ In 1650. Eleven years after Kirk's visit, the chapel was further damaged by a mob from Edinburgh.

cot,¹ and a draw-well, all in the rock ; but we could have no good information about it.

On Sunday, 12th August, we set forwards for Lithgow, twelve miles. We passed by a good country, with many good seats and much corn ; but neither were here any enclosures. Lithgow is one of the prettiest towns I have yet seen in Scotland. Here is a great house of the King's, but most of it ruinous : it has a square court within it, and but one side of the square in repair. In the midst of the court is a fountain, of a hexagonal figure, the top whereof is like a crown ; from the middle whereof the water falls in one great pipe into a great receiver, and issues thence out of many antic heads into another larger receiver, and thence it falls out for use. There are several pretty figures about it ; but it is all broken, and no water comes to it. On the east side of the inner court have been three good figures on the wall : the middlemost was of the Pope, but the scrolls wherein the inscriptions were, and the figures themselves are so defaced, that, I can give no account of them : the north and west side hereof is surrounded with a lough ; in one part thereof is a little island, with a tree. Now, the arms of the town is a black bitch tied to a tree, in a floating island. We inquired for a story about it, but could meet with none : their schoolmaster told us it proceeded from the name of the place. Linlithgow, in Erst, is thus explained : Lin signifies Lough ; Lith, black ; and Gow, a hound.² A little from the King's house is a good church : near that is the school, and then the town-house, well built, and faces the Market-place, where is a conduit, much after the same model of that in the Castle.

On Monday 13th, in the afternoon, my Lord Elphinstone

¹ Now known as Bruce's Bed-chamber and Bruce's Library. The origin of these artificial caves at Hawthornden is still the puzzle of antiquaries. In 1338 Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie and his band used them as retreats.

² The derivation of the name Linlithgow is still unsettled.

came into our inn. We delivered a letter to him, and accompanied him to Falkirke: it being a wet day, we lodged there.

Tuesday, 14th August. In the morning we went to see my Lord Callendar's house,¹ near the town, which is well situate. We intended to have seen the ruins of the ancient city Camelon,² which is now corn-fields; but the day proved so wet that we omitted it, and went six miles through the pleasantest country I have seen here, to Elphinstone, my Lord Elphinstone's house, where we had a good dinner, and were well received by my Lord, &c. From Elphinstone we went six miles further to Stirling.

On Wednesday 15th, we viewed the town: the remarkable therein are chiefly the Castle, situate at the west end of the town, upon a very high rock, not unlike the situation of the Castle of Edinburgh. Here are many good rooms in this Castle, and the outside walls are decorated with many good statues. Here is a good hall, and a chapel, but they are both out of repair. Here is the hull of the ship that King James was treated in, thus: his table being placed at the upper end of the hall, this ship was so contrived that the men within her could set her on motion upon four wheels; and she was furnished with all the appurtenances belonging to any vessel, and with a double row of guns. Each service was brought up to the table in this ship; and, when she was unloaded, she discharged her guns and marched off. The first time she discharged, the King cried out, "Treason! treason!" not being acquainted with the design; but he was soon appeased. From this Castle is a very good

¹ Callendar House, near Falkirk, of which it can be said that Queen Mary visited it, Cromwell stormed it, Monk resided in it, and Prince Charles Edward slept in it.

² Camelon now forms the western suburb of Falkirk. By some antiquaries the ancient city of Camelon, of which Kirk speaks, is identified with the Roman Ad Vallum.

prospect, over a fine country. The river runs so crooked here, that a place four miles off is twenty-four by water: it is exceeding deep, but not very broad. Here is a new house of the Earl of Argyle's,¹ and an old house of the Earl of Mar's,² which has an excellent front to the Market-place, with many statues on it. Here are not many other curiosities: only an Hospital, built by one John Coward,³ and an indifferent good church. The town itself is not large nor well built, and stands upon the descent of a hill, &c.

On Thursday 16th, we left Stirling, and travelled over the mountains nine miles, to Kilfeith;⁴ and then through a more pleasant country, nine miles more, to Glasgow, the prettiest town.⁵

Friday 17th, we saw the Tolbooth, in the Market-place, with a high steeple and a chime of bells in it. Then we went to the College, the best in Scotland: the front to the street is regular and handsome; but the inner courts do not answer expectation. Betwixt these two small courts is a high steeple, but not thoroughly finished. We waited on the Principal,⁶ who showed us the College, and took us to his lodgings, and called for ale and wine, and pulled off his hat and made a grace, and so fell to. Hence to the old church, which has been a good one, but is spoiled with a division: under the more easterly church is another, as St Faith's was at St Paul's, in London.

On Saturday 18th, we saw the Merchants' Hospital, a pretty place, near the bridge, with a very pretty high steeple: and we saw Hutchinson's Hospital, which is not

¹ Now known as Argyll's Lodging, built by the Earl of Stirling in 1630.

² Mar's Work, the remains of a palace built by the Earl of Mar in 1570.

³ Cowane's Hospital, now the Guildhall.

⁴ Kilsyth.

⁵ All the travellers who visited Scotland in the 17th century agree that Glasgow was the prettiest town in the country.

⁶ The Principal at this date was Edward Wright.

yet finished. Near this is a church called the Trone Church.

On Monday 20th, we waited on the Archbishop of Glasgow, who lives at the castle near the Cathedral. His name is Burnet:¹ he is a comely, courteous gentleman, about sixty years old. He likewise craved a blessing before we drunk with him.

Tuesday 21st, we rode up the river Clyde, a most pleasant stream. Eight miles above Glasgow is Hamilton, a pleasant place, where is the palace of the Duke Hamilton.² We waited on him, and he ordered his gentleman to show us his yards. Here is a great plot of ground for gardens, &c., not yet finished; but the design promises a good product. He was going to his Park with some company, and gave us a slender invitation and left us. Now another of our company fell off, and was for England again: that we might not be penurious of our tears at parting, we drunk liberally to fill the cisterns. We set him a mile on his way further than the town, as the park gate (the park wall is seven miles round), and we drunk at a little ale-house, where two or three fellows were so rude with us, that one of them got a lash with a whip, whereupon they all took a part, and one of them fetched a long gun and threatened us with it. It was not discretion to stay here, so we shook hands with our going friend, and gave him a *bon voiage*; and so we returned again to Glasgow.

Wednesday 22nd, we left it, one of the regents of the College accompanying us; we rode over the hills sixteen miles, to Erwin,³ a little town upon the sea.

¹ Alexander Burnet, created Archbishop of Glasgow in 1664. He was known by the nickname of Longifacies or Long Nez. Deposed by the Earl of Lauderdale in 1669, he was again restored to his office in 1674.

² William Douglas, third Duke of Hamilton, well known in the political history of the time. He was among the first to declare himself for William III.

³ Irvine.

In this church my Lady Eglinton lay ready to be interred.

On Thursday the 23rd, we rode three miles to the Anghaws,¹ my Lord Coughran's house. We waited on him and my Lord Montgomery, who married his daughter.² We dined there, and from thence rode six miles to a pretty town, called Ayre; and though it was late, we ventured ten miles further, to a place called Turnbery.³ A poor house we came to, and they would scarce show us a room; at length, out came the good man, and told us, as soon as they had taken the geese out of the room, we should be admitted into it; when we came into it, it was full of feathers: but now we inquired for meat, but we could neither get eggs, wine, brandy, milk, or spring water, but only oat bread, and some muddy ale: this we thought hard, but the good wife started us yet more, and told us that her two sons should lie in the room with us; we shuffled them off, and patiently expected the morning, whereon we proceeded on the 24th on our journey. About six leagues from the shore is a high rock in the sea, much like the Basse, but it is twice as large; hereon build many Soland geese, and plenty of other sea-fowls; the name of it is Ailzalle.⁴ Fourteen miles from Turnbery, we passed through Balentray,⁵ a small town, and, fourteen miles further, to Chapell,⁶ a small town.

Saturday 25th, morning, we went four miles further to

¹ Auchans, in the parish of Dundonald. The "Lord Coughran" was Sir William Cochrane, Knight, of Cowdon, elevated to the peerage in 1647 as Baron Cochrane of Dundonald, and advanced in 1669 to the Earldom of Dundonald.—Burke.

² Alexander, 9th Earl of Eglinton, married Margaret, daughter of William, Lord Cochrane.

³ Turnberry Castle, so well known in Scottish History, belonged to Bruce as Earl of Carrick.

⁴ Ailsa Craig.

⁵ Ballantrae.

⁶ Stranraer. A chapel, dedicated to St John, gave rise to the name of *The Chapel*.

Port Patrick, in hopes to have had a passage for Ireland, but either the winds, or the men's greedy desires, prevented it ; we returned again that night to Chapell, and early on

Monday 27th, to Port Patrick again, where we waited all the day to no purpose ; and all

Tuesday 28th was spent in the same employment. This afternoon we went by water, to see the ruins of an old castle upon a rock in the sea,¹ not far from Port Patrick. Under this house, in the rock, is a cave, which, they say, goes a considerable distance under ground, but we had not opportunity to search into it.

On Tuesday 28th, night, the wind offering something fair, we bid adieu to Scotland at nine at night, till nine at a new nevermass noon ; we intended to have landed at Donough Adee, but we were driven down as low as the Lough Naerne,² where we landed on Wednesday, the 29th of August, 1677.

¹ Dunskey Castle, built in 1510 by Adair of Kilhilt on the site of a former stronghold.

² Probably a misprint for Loch Larne.

DIARY OF RALPH THORESBY.

A.D. 1681.

SEPT. 10.—Over the Moors to Belford, thence over the Sands, where we had a fair prospect of Holy Island, to Berwick, where we got well, and in time to view the town, which is ancient and ill-built, but stands very commodiously and is well fortified.

11. *Die Dom.* Being at church too early, was transcribing some monuments, which was the first place I observed the Scotch mode for Aldermen and persons of some rank to be buried in the churchyard. The church was built 1652, Colonel Fenwick,¹ then Governor, being a chief instrument (in memory of whom there is an inscription in the church, of which see p. 125 of my *Collections*), by procuring monies owing to the town for soldiers' pay; it has no steeple, the old one in the midst of the town serving: the minister was on the different sorts of sorrow, the benefits of the godly, and the disadvantage of the carnal; was to visit Mr Windlows, and after walked round the walls.

12. Morning, from Berwick over the Moors, where we found the proverb verified, that a Scotch mist, for I cannot say it rained, wets the Englishman to the skin, to Hayton,² a country town, seated upon the river Hay, the mouth

¹ Colonel George Fenwick of Brinkburn was made Governor of Berwick in 1649. Among other services to the town, he obtained £514 from the Treasury for the building of Trinity Church.—Scott, *History of Berwick*, p. 211.

² Ayton, on the Eye Water.

whereof is not far distant from St Abb's Head; then near Coldingham Abbey, the nuns whereof cut off their noses to preserve their chastity from the insulting Danes;¹ leaving on the right hand Dunglass, the lordship whereof belonged to the famous soldier, Patrick Ruthven;² thence to Dunbar seated on the sea, an eminent town, built after the Scottish manner; most tombs (of which Stephanides is of most note)³ of persons of good rank are without the church, only in an aisle adjoining to it there is a stately monument for George Hume (a numerous family in these parts, most of the castles, lands, and houses we past by being of that name), Earl of Dunbar, and Lord High Treasurer of Scotland. Here I was, with three more, dubbed Knight of the Bass,⁴ a little island near the town, rising up all on a solid rock, where is a prison, that of late has been stocked with Nonconformists: here, I must confess, I was too impatient at the Scotch victuals, not able to eat anything, though we had the bailiff's (or alder-

¹ As told by Roger de Wendover, this story is as follows: Ingvar and Hubba, two Danish chieftains, in their passage (870) to East Anglia to avenge the death of their father Ragnor, were driven ashore near Coldingham. When Ebba, the superior of the nunnery, heard of their approach, she knew what would follow. Summoning her nuns to her presence, she cut off her nose and slit her upper lip with a razor. The nuns followed her example, and the mutilation had the desired result.—*Flowers of History*, i. pp. 191-2 (Bohn's Translation).

² Patrick Ruthven, son of Sir William Ruthven of Ballindean, and grandson of William Ruthven, son of the first Lord Ruthven. He served with distinction under Gustavus Adolphus, and on his return to Scotland was made Governor of Edinburgh Castle and raised to the title of Earl of Forth. In the Civil War he also distinguished himself as a Commander on the Royalist side, and was made Earl of Brentford, a place where he won a victory over the Parliamentary forces. Clarendon, who disliked him, says that "in the field he well knew what was to be done."—Burke's *Extinct Peerage*.

³ The Tomb to which Thoresby refers is that of Andrew Stephenson, who according to his epitaph was thirty years a Professor of Philology and Philosophy in the College of Edinburgh, and afterwards minister at Dunbar. According to the same authority he was born in 1588, and died in 1664.

⁴ I am informed by the Rev. Mr Agnew of Dunbar that there was a Masonic Club, known as the Knights of the Bass, founded in Dunbar in 1722. Possibly it may have taken its name from some earlier society, such as that to which Thoresby refers.

man's) own dinner; ¹ only at last made a shift to get down some eggs, without bread, butter, or salt, but spent the time in the churchyard, transcribing epitaphs, viewing the town, and the way of making and drying red herrings very dexterously. From Dunbar, through many small towns and a pleasant country, we came to Haddington, where we lodged all night.

13. Up pretty early, and transcribing some monuments in the churchyard, amongst which a curious one for Mr Cary, a minister of the Earl of Roxburgh's family; but in an aisle belonging to the church is a most stately one for Duke Lauderdale's father² and mother and sister, of curious black, white, and speckled marble, with four statues, and curiously wrought pillars, and a large inscription, *vid.* p. 130 of my *Collections*. From Haddington we rode to Mussleborough, where was the great fight³ betwixt the Scots and English, *an.* 1547, and where we observed a curious engine for draining the fire from the coal mines; thence through a pleasant country to Leith, a pretty town, populous, and well-built, not far from Edinburgh, the metropolis of that ancient kingdom.

14. Morning, standing in the yard of the Parliament House, observing the several members and nobles as they went to the House, and after them, the Duke of York and Albany⁴ in great state. Was, after, in the great Church, at the ordination of a minister by the Bishop of Galloway,⁵

¹ Thoresby was not so lucky as the French traveller Jorevin de Rocheford, who visited Dunbar in 1661, and found quarters with a fisherman who had served in the Scots Guards in France. "He treated me," says de Rocheford, "with fish of all sorts, among others, with a piece of salmon dressed in the French manner, and a pair of soles of prodigious size."—*Early Travellers*, p. 228.

² John, first Earl of Lauderdale.

³ The battle of Pinkie.

⁴ James, Duke of York, had been appointed Commissioner of Scotland in 1679, two years before Thoresby's visit.

⁵ James Aitkens or Aiken, promoted to the See of Galloway in 1680, had a dispensation to reside in Edinburgh, "because it was thought unreasonable to oblige a reverend prelate of his years to live among such a rebellious and turbulent people as those of that diocese were."—Keith, *Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops*, p. 282 (edit. 1824).

which was (contrary to all expectation) by the English Common Prayer. After which he gave him a most serious charge to mind his duty, and live worthy of his high calling, showing very well, how little their words can prevail if their lives preach not. After dinner, viewing several parts of the town; the castle, where the kings of the Picts used to keep their daughters at needle-work till marriage, thence called Maiden Castle, built upon a rock, and well fortified; Goldsmith's Hospital,¹ a most stately structure, but sadly perverted as to the design of the founder, many of his vast donations being either lost or misemployed; and transcribing several mottoes there, and monuments in White Friars² churchyard, the only place where the generality of persons are interred.

15. At Holyrood house, observing the state of the building and attendants, where many judge is as great a court as at Whitehall. Afterwards, at the Bibliotheca, transcribing several benefactions, of which *vid.* p. 139. The library is adorned with many curious books, and other rarities, a skeleton very exactly done, a speaking tube, a large leaf of a tree, a skull of a most prodigious thickness, and a horn out of a woman's forehead, with an inscription upon a plate of silver giving an account of it, *vid.* p. 140 *Collection*; with the pictures of several great personages, the famous Lord Napier, Knox, Henderson, Buchanan, whose skull is there also, the thinnest ever seen or known, such indeed as is scarce credible without the sight of it. There are the pictures also of the foreign Reformers, Calvin, Beza, Luther,³ &c., a thunderstone, &c.

16. Up pretty early, preparing for a further journey. Left Mr Hickson at Edinburgh, but had Mr Eleazer Hodshon along with me. We found a pleasant country to Kirkliston,

¹ Heriot's Hospital.—Cf. *Early Travellers*, pp. 235, 246.

² Greyfriars'.

³ These portraits are still in the possession of the University.

thence to Linlithgow, where is a stately palace, built mostly by King James VI., which is now much ruined; especially a curiously wrought conduit in the midst of the court, of very good workmanship. The town arms¹ are the picture of a dog, chained to a tree, growing out of a lough, which tree is yet to be seen in the great lough near the town, upon which depends the name, and an old fabulous story too tedious to relate. Thence to Falkirk, where in the churchyard I found an ancient monument for John Græme, a famous warrior,² slain by the English *anno* 1298. Thence to Stirling, a very fair town, adorned with a curious large church, a stately hospital, founded by Cowin,³ a strong castle, and many noblemen's houses, the Earls of Mar and Argyle, &c. being seated near the Highlands; which shows to be a most formidable country, full of mountainous crags and terrible high hills.

17. Up pretty early, and over many a high hill and barren mountain for nine miles to Kilseth,⁴ a little country town. Thence nine more, but in a pleasant country, full of little towns, to Glasgow, the university; a very pleasant city,⁵ far exceeding Edinburgh itself in the situation and cleanliness. Transcribing some epitaphs from the Cathedral, and other inscriptions of benefactions from the College, Hutchinson's Hospital, &c. From Glasgow, we returned the same day to Kilseth, and from thence, with a guide, in a most terrible stormy night, over the hill to . . . bridge;⁶ and thence, though very late and tempestuous, to Falkirk by

¹ The arms mentioned by Thoresby are only those on the reverse of the town seal. The story to which he refers is the tradition that a black bitch was found fastened to a tree on the small island on the east side of the loch. The derivation of the name Linlithgow was supposed to be from *Lith*, a twig, and *gow*, a dog.

² The "Good" Sir John the Græme, the friend of Wallace.

³ See p. 45, above.

⁴ Kilsyth.

⁵ See p. 45.

⁶ Bonnybridge.

twelve o'clock, stretching so far, though to the hazard of all our bodies, that we might the less trespass upon the Lord's-day.

18. *Die Dom.* Rose very early again, after but a little sleep, and got by Linlithgow to Kirkliston, and thence to Edinburgh; though somewhat wearied with the hasty journey, thinking to return for England the next day. Went to the great church,¹ beside the Parliament-House, where the minister made a very good and seasonable discourse against the sins of the times, particularizing many, with the several apologies that are made for them, which he well confuted. Observed the stall of the Provost, many of the Bishops and persons of quality.

19. Not setting forward, as was designed, spent this day more in viewing the town, transcribing some monuments, those especially in the Abbey Church, one most stately for the Lord Belhaven, another for Bishop Wishart,² Lady Hamilton, and Lady Scot. Evening taken up with company, and making ready for our journey.

20. Morning, set out pretty early with ditto, Mr Hickson, &c., from Edinburgh; we passed a pleasant country to Liberton,³ thence to . . . and the Earl of Dalkeith's house over the moors and hills (not far from Dalkeith, Monmouth's title),⁴ to Bortwych castle;⁵ thence to Heriot House;⁶ then in

¹ St Giles'.

² George Wisheart, of the family of Logy in Angus, originally minister of North Leith, was made Bishop of Edinburgh in 1664. He acted as chaplain to the Marquis of Montrose, of whose campaigns he has left an account.—Keith, p. 62. The MS., which is in the Advocates' Library, is in process of publication.

³ Liberton.

⁴ On the marriage of Monmouth to Anne, daughter to the Earl of Buccleuch, in 1663, they were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Earl and Countess of Dalkeith.

⁵ Borthwick.

⁶ Now a farm-steading, the property of the Earl of Stair. Formerly it was an important place of stoppage on the road from Edinburgh to England.

the dale, with great hills on both hands ; we crossed the river of Gallowater¹ sixteen or fifteen times, as I counted it ; and then the famous river of Tweed, near Selkirk.

21. Up by twelve o'clock, in order to a journey, and, with a guide, were got over most prodigious high hills and very many of them by daybreak ; thence, by Teviotdale, upon the brink of a steep hill for some miles, to Usedale,² where, upon the sudden, the precipice grew to that height and steepness, and withal so exceedingly narrow, that we had not one inch of ground to set a foot upon to alight from the horse. Our danger here was most dreadful, and, I think, inconceivable to any that were not present ; we were upon the side of a most terrible high hill, in the middle whereof was a track for the horse to go in, which we hoped to find broader, that we might have liberty to turn the horse ; but, instead of that, it became so narrow that there was an impossibility to get further ; for now it begun likewise to be a sudden declension, and the narrow way so cumbered with shrubs that we might be forced to lie down upon the horses' necks, and have our eyes upon a dreadful precipice, such as mine eyes never till then beheld, nor could I have conceived the horror of it by any one's relation. We had above us a hill so desperately steep that our aching hearts durst not attempt the scaling of it, it being much steeper than the roofs of many houses ; but the hill below was still more ghastly, as steep for a long way as the walls of a house ; and the track we had to ride in was now become so narrow that my horse's hinder foot slipped off, which Mr Hickson, following after, saw, but wisely concealed, else the fright might possibly have sunk me. To add to our torments, there was a river run all along (which added to the dizziness of our heads), close to the foot of the precipice, which we expected every moment to be plunged into, and into eternity. In

¹ Gala Water.

² Ewesdale.

this extremity (which now, many years after, in transcribing this imperfect account from the loose papers, makes my very hairs stand on end upon my head), there was no way but by catching hold of the boughs of a tree to throw myself off on the wrong side of the horse (which I expected to have been dashed in pieces), and to climb up the hill, which became, in a short space, less steep, that the horses also escaped. In the like danger were my fellow-travellers, and by the like watchful providence preserved. The river Use¹ brought us to Langham,² a country town; thence we came to the Malees,³ the first town upon English ground (in Cumberland); from whence we got well, and in good time, to Carlisle.

The following letter, written from St Andrews in 1691, has some interest. The writer, Thomas Jackson, was a young friend of Thoresby's, who had gone to St Andrews to study divinity under the Mr Munro of whom he speaks. The letter is addressed to Thoresby himself.

May 19th, 1691.

MOST KIND AND DEAR SIR,—After my most humble and hearty service unto you, being got very well and safe unto this place, I made bold to give you the trouble of these few lines, to acquaint you about some passages (according to my promise) that might represent themselves to me in my journey, and also about my settlement here, and the orders observed in our College.⁴ In the first place, Sir, I give you my most humble and hearty thanks for the manifold kindnesses you have ever expressed towards me, and

¹ The Ewes.

² Langholm.

³ Milleis Tower on the river Esk, between Kirkandrews Tower, which still stands, and "the Marche dykes," which divided the Debatable land. Milleis Tower was on the English side. A farm on the Netherby estate is still known as "The Milees."

⁴ St Andrews.

for the kindnesses which you were so ready to help me with, before my coming from Leeds, which I found very beneficial to me in a strange country, having met with none in all my way that gave me any encouragement at all. Even Sir John Hall, to whom Mr Wilson gave me a letter, rather discouraged than encouraged me, yet my whole trust was and is in God alone, who hath promised never to forsake those that put their trust in Him. I got to this place on May 1st, having made as quick a dispatch of my journey as possibly I could, for soon I found travel very chargeable: for carriage for myself and my box, it hath cost me about thirty-five shillings, besides keeping myself. The first, when I came, I found very kind and civil reception from Mr Monro.¹ He hath been in England nine or ten years, and there being no Englishmen in the whole University, nay, in the whole town, save Mr Turner, a Non-conformist minister's son, of London, and myself, who are now companions and bed-fellows, he gave us very good instructions, wishing us to be kind and respective each to the other, and ordered us to perform duties, each his week, which we do perform; and I have great reason to bless God that hath ordered me so spiritual and kind a companion. I find several odd dues² to pay here upon my entrance. I did enter May the 5th. It is the custom here for each regent weekly to pray morning and evening in the church within the College, and about five in the morning to perustrate the students' chambers, who, if they find in their beds, suffer a great rebuke; at nine also at night, they perustrate to see that all the students be within the College, and the porter, after that time, will not suffer any to go out of the College;

¹ Mr John Munro, who was Regent in St Leonard's College for several years both before and after 1691, the date of this letter.

² These dues were exacted instead of the present matriculation fee, and consisted of sums paid to the library, the Archbeadle, and College servants, deposit money as security against breakage at the College table, and such like.

the bursers also read their week about before the prayers in the church, and we do, morning and evening, sing a psalm. It is a very fine College, and far better entertainment than I expected to meet withal. I could wish that we had more English boys here, there being so very good order kept here. As for your directions, I observed them as much as I could, yet could not perform them as I would. The inscription upon Pig's pillar, you want, is this:—

Who would not love thee, while they may
Enjoy thee walking! for thy way
Is pleasure and delight: let such
As see thee, choose thee, prize thee much.¹

I did not go by Berwick, but by Kelso, which hindered my going by Dunbar.

As for Mr Henderson's tomb,² his epitaph is clearly cut out, and I could not get nor hear of any that had it. But if I can hear of it, or of any Catalogue of Herriot's works, or of any other thing while I am here, I shall be very glad to pleasure you in it.

The ruins of this town do soon show the famousness of it: there have been six churches in it,³ yet none now, save the town-church and our College-church, where there is service; and our College-church is now vacant for want of a principal; the late principal is cast out⁴ for not con-

¹ I have been unable to discover what this "Pig's pillar" is.

² Alexander Henderson is said to have been buried in St Giles' Churchyard, near the grave of Knox. A monument was erected to him in Greyfriars' Churchyard, which was demolished by an order of Parliament in 1662, but was restored at the Revolution of 1688.—*Dict. of Nat. Biog.*

³ In pre-Reformation times there were more than six churches in St Andrews. Those to which Jackson refers would be the Ancient Church of the Culdees, or Church of St Rule, the Cathedral Church, all of which were then in ruins, the Town Church, St Salvator's Church, and the Church of St Leonard's.

⁴ Dr James Wemyss, Principal of St Leonard's College. He was deprived of office by the Privy Council, 4th September 1689, for refusing to read the Proclamation of the Estates, and to pray for William and Mary.—For these notes regarding St Andrews, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr Maitland Anderson, Librarian of the University.

forming to the present government; and so were all the regents in our College, save one. The town now consists chiefly of three long streets, and several winds, as they are here called.

I shall not add more at present, but my humble service to Mr Sharp, Mr Wilson, and all other my kind friends at Leeds, who may enquire of me, with my most humble service and real thanks to yourself, for all your kindnesses shown to me.—I am, kind Sir,

Your most humble,

most obliged servant,

THO. JACKSON.

I shall endeavour to answer the rest of your note or other observations the next. I desire to hear from you as soon as ever opportunity will permit, having a longing desire to hear from you. Pray let me know how to direct a letter to Uncle Joseph; there is one that will go about mid June for Ireland, from this College, who would carry a letter to him.

The post at Edinburgh will not take any letters without post paid to Ferrybridge,¹ which is threepence, and twopence I give between Edinburgh and here.

Pray, likewise, let me know what news you have: for we never hear any here, being a town of a very small trade, and no post that brings any news save the footman, that brings and carries private letters to Edinburgh, and from thence. And the Regents, and all people, are very inquisitive about news. All disaffected persons here are called Gilly Krankas.²

¹ A hamlet in the East Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, near where Thoresby lived.

² A jest on the name of Killiecrankie, where the supporters of the late government had made their last stand.

Yesterday in the church was published a strict order for the keeping of the last Wednesday in May, and the last Wednesday of each succeeding month, as a public fast. Here is very little news here. The Highlanders continue very quiet, save that a party lately came down of about twenty, who were surprised by a party of ours and brought prisoners to Dundee.

Pray deliver this beneath to my sister, at Mr Armitage's.

You may direct for me, Student at St Leonard's College, in St Andrews, Scotland.

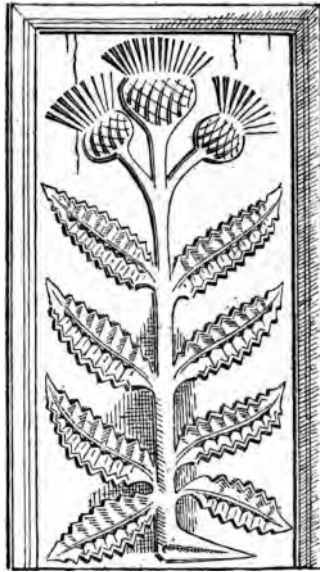
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